

PART 521

THE

PRICE 6d

LEISURE



HOUR

MAY 1895

Contents

Favourite Sketching Grounds. By EDMUND M. WIMPERIS, Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours ...	411
"THE HEMINGFORDS." With Numerous Drawings.	
Some Capital Stories. —CHARACTER SKETCHES.	
By THOMAS W. COULDERY ...	416
The Olympic Games. By ADAM RANKINE ...	423
A Question of Faith. Chapters I.—III. By L. DOUGALL, Author of "What Necessity Knows," etc. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE ...	426
John Stuart Blackie, Poet and Professor. By MRS. MAYO. With Portrait and Verses in Autograph ...	434
Rambles in Japan. —V. By the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. With Illustrations ...	438
THE GLEN OF THE BUDDHAS—THE LAKE OF CHUSENJI—WAYSIDE SHRINES—NANATAKI—A JAPANESE ORNITHOLOGIST, ETC.	
Books in Prison. By TIGHE HOPKINS ...	444
The Dutch Sea-Painter: H. W. Mesdag. By ELEANORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING. With Portrait ...	447
The Giraffe. With Drawings. By CHARLES WHYMPER ...	450
May on the Moor. By A. N. MALAN, M.A. ...	453
Dawn. By E. NESBIT ...	456
Crossing the Cordilleras. By MAY CROMMELIN. Illustrated ...	457
MENDOZA—THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE—A STORY OF THREE ESCAPES—A LIVE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—THE TRANSANDINE RAILWAY—CROSSING IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS—THE HOTEL OF LAS VACAS.	
The Journey's End. By JAMES STRANG ...	463
Childerland. By the Author of "In Thoughtland and in Dreamland." Illustrated ...	464
A Committee of the Whole House. —CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING. By PHYLLIS BROWNE ...	468
Varieties —STEVENSON IN EARLY LIFE—ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS, ETC. ...	472
<i>Frontispiece</i> —HEMINGFORD GREY. By E. M. WIMPERIS, R.I.	

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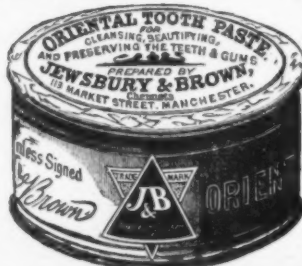
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ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE



HEMINGFORD GREY.

FAVOURITE SKETCHING GROUNDS.

BY E. M. WIMPERIS, R.I.

"THE HEMINGFORDS."



HEMINGFORD ABBOTS.

IT was in the early part of 1890 that my friend Keeley Halswelle told me he had heard of a new sketching ground, which was described to him as being full of subjects that would suit us both. It was on the River Ouse, between St. Ives and Huntingdon. The traffic on the river, once no doubt considerable, had fallen off so much that as a means of mercantile communication it was almost disused. It still possessed, however, all the appointments of a navigable stream, such as a towing path, with its bridges, locks, and fords, and these in what to an artist is their most serviceable form—that is to say, somewhat neglected, decayed, and overgrown. There were fertile meads and rustic villages, with here and there a church tower or spire half hidden by lofty trees or mirrored in placid pools. Then, again, the condition of the banks was anything but trim, and we should find all the beautiful weeds in undisturbed perfection; while the surface of the water had a wealth of lilies, arrowheads, reeds, and flags, in full luxuriance. Anyone who knows

Keeley Halswelle's work will not need to be told how "weedy bits" would appeal to him, and the prospect of finding, as I was told, "Constables ready made" was irresistible to me. So we decided to go on an exploring expedition, though with some misgivings, born of fruitless quests in previous years. Many are the weary miles one has walked in obedience to delusive descriptions, many the disappointments met with in consequence of trusting too implicitly to guide-book eloquence—the grand waterfall turning out an insignificant trickle, the romantic glen an ordinary tangle of copse, and the magnificent panorama from some toilsome summit very little better than a coloured map. Who has not made acquaintance with these?

Nevertheless, in spite of doubts, we thought it worth while to try; and so, on a certain morning in May, we took train to St. Ives, and started to walk by the river bank to Huntingdon, a distance of some five miles. We crossed by the very picturesque bridge in the town itself, a charming picture, and

pursued the path on the left-hand bank of the river, and very shortly reached Knight's Mill, the surroundings of which would furnish a number of subjects for the pencil. Perhaps the best of all is the Old Lock, with its footbridge and its foreground of weeds and decaying timbers, an illustration of which is given here.

Passing over the footbridge we come to a long reach of river, bordered on the one side by wide meadows, interspersed with fantastic and gnarled pollard willows, under whose shade cattle and sheep rest, and on the other shaded by lofty trees, with the tower and churchyard of Hemingford Grey reflected in a broad expanse of water. Sketched from the river this forms a very favourable representation of rural England, as will be seen from the accompany-

the trees, which looked very promising; but as we were on the other side of the river, and had no means at hand of crossing, we could not satisfy ourselves about it.

Presently we found the towing-path came to an abrupt termination, and in front of us a railway embankment barred our way. We were fairly puzzled, as we knew the barge horses could not go over that, and we did not find out till a subsequent visit that there was a ford across the river at this point, and that the towing-path changed to the opposite side. There was nothing for us to do but to trespass on the railway and cross by that method; which we did, not without trepidation, as it was only a single rail and was approached by a sharp curve. In fact, we had no sooner got over



BRIDGE NEAR HOUGHTON.

ing drawing. A little farther on the village appears, and a wide street slopes to the water's edge, with boats moored at the bottom of the gardens and all the usual incidents of rural life. Here carters come down to water their horses, and pleasure-seekers to row or fish, or strollers to enjoy a pleasant walk along the bank to the next village of Hemingford Abbots. Continuing on the towing-path for some little distance, we find ourselves opposite an island made by the separation of the main stream into two channels, one arm of it forming a backwater about a mile long and terminating at a sluice above Houghton. On this our first sight of it, this island, well foliaged and willow-fringed as it is, did not present any striking features, but as we passed on we caught a glimpse of the spire of Hemingford Abbots rising above

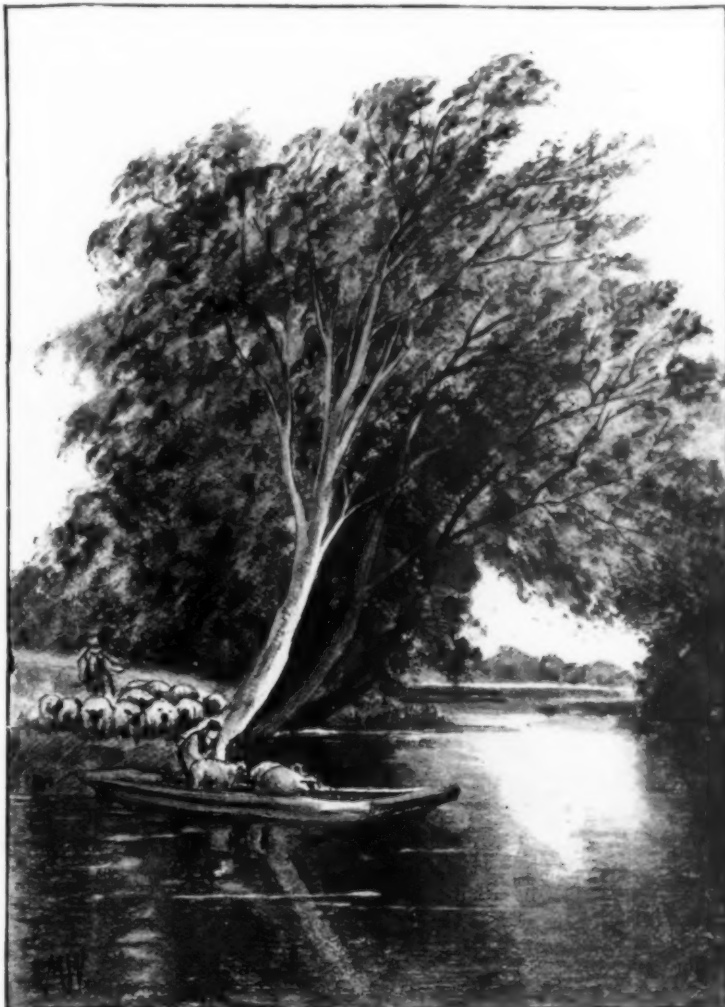
than a train rushed past, leaving very little margin for pedestrians. Crossing a very long meadow, we came to a ruinous lock close by Houghton Mill, which makes a capital picture from this point, though the best view is from the Mill Pool behind it. Between this lock and Huntingdon there are no very striking features, though the timber bridges on the towing-path are very picturesque, as may be judged from the one we have portrayed. But in following the course of the river all along we found that it answered the description we had received. There were beautiful water weeds in plenty. The fertile meads were on every side, the banks were gay with meadow-sweet and dock, and on the bosom of the stream the water-lilies and arrowheads, the flags and reeds were profuse. Reaching Huntingdon, we put up for the night,

and the following day went on to St. Neots; but we did not think there was anything there quite so good as we had already seen, and so returned to town.

August, however, found us again on the Ouse, Halswelle obtaining rooms at Houghton, and securing some for me at Hemingford Abbots. But we had made up our minds that to work this district properly we required not only boats, but a punt, and as all the punts we saw at St. Ives were un-

the occupation of the squire of the neighbourhood, and on it he turned his sheep, which had to be conveyed backwards and forwards in a punt. The incident thus afforded is the subject of one of the subjoined illustrations.

There were sometimes other inhabitants of the island besides the sheep. While painting upon it I was in the habit of going home to lunch, leaving my picture on its easel, and all my traps lying about. One day, when I had rowed back in my



PUNTING SHEEP.

suitable for painting purposes, we subsidised a boat-builder there, and he made us a punt, Halswelle furnishing the design, and in it we did most of our work. In our second visit we discovered that the backwater on which Hemingford Abbots is situated was full of beauty, and provided us with sketches at every turn, while the island previously mentioned was a charming centre for work. The illustration given of the church and part of the village was taken from it.

This island, known as Battcock's Island, was in

boat, I found the island in the possession of a large company of picknickers, who were lighting fires and preparing for tea. They had already inspected my picture, and I had to listen to some art criticism which was more severe than I am accustomed to from the London press, but they made amends by offering me tea; but when they proposed that I should join in the cheerful game of "kiss-in-the-ring," I found I had another engagement and rowed away.

Many were the days spent upon the island or

beside it. Many were the pictures painted from the punt moored under the shadow of its trees. One of the most pleasant was furnished by the watering-place of the farm already spoken of. Every day the cattle could be seen there, enjoying the cool water and shade. It was very delightful painting from so secure a point. One could provision the punt for the day, there was no possibility of being interrupted or overlooked, and so in perfect quiet the day's work proceeded, and the hours passed. The stillness was so great, indeed, that on one occasion I saw an otter swim across the river and make for his retreat under some overhanging trunks on the opposite bank. This backwater is one of his favourite haunts, and traces of his fish

Huntingdon road, which shows how fine a tree the willow becomes if left alone—and a very curious windmill, which has four dormer windows in its base, and an illustration of which is given in the text. It stands on tolerably high ground, in fact the only eminence here, the country generally being very flat. In addition to the larger bridges which have been referred to, there are on the towing-path curious gates, over which the barge horses leap. It will be remembered that this incident is portrayed in one of Constable's famous pictures, and gives it its title—"The Jumping Horse."

Some of the timbered sluices and landing-places lend themselves easily to pictorial treatment, and no



MILL AT HOUGHTON.

dinners are often found in the garden of the rectory close by, which abuts upon the river.

I have spoken hitherto only of the river, and the chief interest of the place to the artist is undoubtedly the river, but there are some good sketches to be got away from it. Both the villages of Hemingford Abbots and Hemingford Grey afford good subjects for the pencil, in the shape of quaint corners and old-fashioned cottages. There are plenty of bits to be had inland, and on the walk from Hemingford Abbots to Houghton, which stretches for about a mile across the fields, there is an attractive subject in the bridge which leads to it. Of the mill and lock at Houghton I have already spoken, but there are in addition many fine groups of trees—one especially of unpollarded willows over a small stream on the

artist need be told how useful a few worn stumps or fragments of broken woodwork are in a foreground, especially if surrounded by meadow-sweet, dock, and purple loosestrife.

In the backwater at Hemingford Abbots are great beds of rushes, flags, and reeds, while the water-lilies and other aquatic plants spread so extensively over the surface of the river that they impede the progress of the punt or boat. I have said that a punt was necessary to work this district properly. Just one word about punting. Halswelle assured me it was quite easy, and gave me a few lessons in an art of which he was a past master. I did not find it so easy. The backwater was full of deep holes for which the punting-pole was too short, and I had not, once in, the skill to get out of them. On one occasion I had, in addition to the

toil of unsuccessful effort, the mortification of being asked, "Which way do you want to go, sir? I have been watching you for some time, and cannot tell."

I have spoken of this place as a new sketching ground, but doubtless it is only in a modified

have found here the materials for many charming pictures, and I think it may be safely recommended to any of my younger brethren of the brush who are in search of quiet pastoral beauty, unsurpassed of its kind. And if any of these after his



LOCK NEAR KNIGHT'S MILL.

sense that it can be so described. It has been visited by many, besides being known to the local artists, of whom there are several capable men. Since we went there others have learnt its attractions. Both my friends Alfred East and Yeend King

week's work out of doors should care to enter the church of Hemingford Abbots, he will find himself ministered unto by one who bears the name, inherits the spirit, and is descended from that sweet singer, good old George Herbert.



SOME CAPITAL STORIES.



THERE WAS THAT FUNNY STORY OF OLD SHODDYPATE.



THEN THERE WAS FLOBJOY, WITH A HUMOUROUS TALE ABOUT THE CROSS OF SHEEP'S HEADS.



COUSIN AMY, TOO, WAS VERY AMUSING WITH HER STORY OF THE OLD GENTLEMAN WHO PROPOSED TO HER IN A CROWDED OMNIBUS.



SPAWKINGTON JUNIOR HAD A MATTER-OF-FACT WAY IN TELLING A FUNNY STORY THAT
WAS ALL HIS OWN.



MRS. SPAWKINGTON WAS IMMENSELY FUNNY WITH HER STORY OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO *WOULD* SPEND HIS HONEYMOON IN A BALLOON.

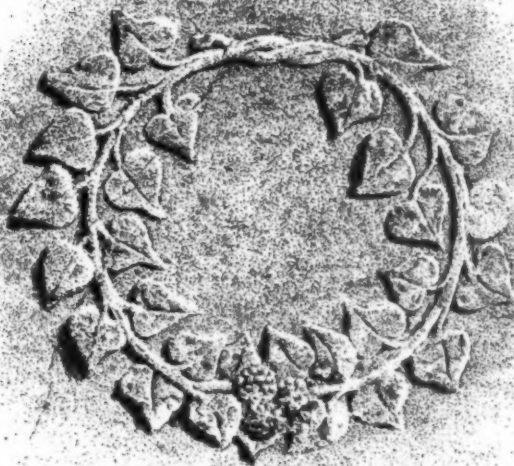


AUNT MATILDA USED TO TELL A GOOD STORY, TOO, ABOUT THE MAN WHO WANTED TO KISS QUEEN CAROLINE



BUT FOR A GOOD YARN, NO ONE CAN COME UP TO AN OLD MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.



(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

Athens: February 6.

A royal decree has been published appointing a commission, under the Presidency of the Crown Prince, to organise the Olympic Games in 1896.

THE Olympic festival to be revived after a death-sleep of 1,600 years, the information conveyed by telegram from Athens, a Crown Prince and a commission, Themistocles and Alcibiades to attend in frock coats—verily this nineteenth century of ours is like the householder who brought forth out of his treasury things new and old. This is a counterblast with a vengeance to Eiffel towers, electric railways, self-steering balloons, and Chicago exhibitions. A world's fair at Olympia, athletic sports, and better than the old, correct costumes, or total want of costume, stucco temples and plaster statuary, all these we may have; but revive the Olympic games—sooner revive the Heptarchy. We may burn incense on old altars, but the spirit and soul of antiquity are not to be brought back to earth again. They live on in the region of ideals in that happy land where there is no question of daily wants and social needs, and where the tax-collector never calls.

The modern world owes much to ancient Greece; on our art, literature, science her seal is set. We

are all Hellenists more or less, and as such may claim to compete in the new Olympic games, for new they will be, and smacking of the times. The last celebration of these games was in 394 A.D., the first of which there is authentic record in 776 B.C., so that for 1,000 years at least there was an unbroken tradition. They emerged with Greece herself from obscurity, grew with her growth, dwindled with her decay, and finally perished when the barbarian from without and the Christian from within transformed the ancient civilisation—when the new wine burst the old bottle. These games formed part of a religious rite, but the accessories became more important than the worship itself, and the sacrifice to Olympian Zeus, though the nucleus round which the whole gathered, soon became of less interest than the chariot and horse races, the wrestling, boxing, and other sports. The origin of the festival is lost in the mist that obscures the beginnings of history. At first, perhaps, the worship of a sacred stone, tree, or well, then a sacred enclosure with an oracle and a local worship, then a rallying-point for several tribes, finally the centre of a nation's life.

Thus we find at Olympia first a local shrine, the control of which was an object of rivalry between local clans, then under the presidency of Sparta it becomes of Peloponnesian importance, and finally, as the Greek race became more con-

scious of itself, it grows into one of the chief central expressions of Hellenic life and aspiration. As Greek civilisation expanded the need of a common bond was more and more felt. Attempts at political unity were a failure. The Greeks were widely scattered in towns of varying size round the shores of the Mediterranean. The very energy with which each little State developed itself tended to disintegration. They were too clever and far too selfish to coalesce into a federation, and there was no power among themselves strong enough to fuse them into unity; the material resources of Athens were not strong enough, the political principles of Sparta were too narrow. When union did come it came in the form of compression by external force, that death in life where preservation is purchased by the sacrifice of freedom.

Yet, jealous as they were of each other, the Greeks never failed to recognise that they were a race by themselves. The other nations of the world were to them barbarians, alien in physical type, speech, and religion. They were the first people to whom physical excellence became an ideal. Their very gods were but perfect men and women. Asceticism, the maceration of the body, the ecstatic trance produced by unhealthy living, were no parts of the Greek creed. Virtue to the Greek meant excellence, the harmony of body and mind at their best working to a noble end. This enables us to understand why all their great religious celebrations were accompanied by athletic contests, and why the victors in these games were treated with exceptional respect and honour. Many were these festivals, but the greatest of all was the Olympic. As water is best among the elements, as gold among metals, as the sun among stars, so, sings Pindar, does the Olympic outshine all other games.

Every fifth year, and Greek chronology was reckoned by Olympiads, what was best and noblest in Hellas congregated in the sacred enclosure by the river Alpheus in Elis—

"Divine Alpheus who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse."

For a month there was a sacred truce throughout all Greece, so that visitors and competitors could travel without danger—a necessary precaution in times of constant war. The festival lasted five days, and took place at the time of the first full moon after the summer solstice early in July, when the year is at its hottest, and the weather most secure. It was a marvellous scene. The sacred enclosure was a museum of antiquities, a gallery of art, a holy place, and a racecourse. Here was the sacred olive-grove planted by Hercules himself, here were altars, shrines, treasures, statues innumerable, and one of the seven wonders of the world—the great temple with the colossal statue of Zeus by Phidias. This statue was regarded by the ancient world as the very personification of awe and majesty. No one is said to have beheld it without having what was best in his nature purified and strengthened. It was not worshipped as an idol, it was revered as a type of the divine.

The games themselves consisted of chariot and horse races, foot races, boxing, wrestling, the

pancratium a combination of the two, and the Pentathlon which united in itself five contests, jumping, running, throwing the discus and the spear, and wrestling. There were special events for youths. These sports were under the superintendence of a special body of judges supported by competent authority, and were carefully guarded from all abuse. They were open to all free Greek citizens. Each competitor took an oath that he had trained for at least ten months in some recognised school, and swore that he would loyally conform to all the regulations, and would take no unfair advantage of his rivals. Besides this, the athlete had to spend thirty days of special practice in the gymnasium at Olympia under the immediate supervision of the judges themselves. In these precautions and in the variety of contests, in the mixture of those which demanded weight and strength with those which called rather for speed and agility, we see the effort to avoid one-sidedness, and to attain a perfect balance of the physical powers as the condition of health, moral and physical.

How far this effort was successful we have Greek sculpture to testify in commemorative marble, and Greek history with its honoured names of statesmen, soldiers, and poets, who were also athletes. But as Greece lost her freedom, the production of good and capable citizens became of secondary importance. A body disciplined to stand the rough and smooth of life as the willing servant of reason was no longer the aim. Success in the sports became everything, the professional athlete came to the front, and the production of muscle for its own sake took the place of the formation of character. Thus we find Plato, Hippocrates, and Galen decrying athletes as brutalised, sleeping their lives away, of little use even physically, as certainly not long-lived. Even at an earlier period Archilochus prays for a little fellow as leader, one firm on his legs and full of heart, not a big shambling booby, full of his own conceit. The relations of mind and matter seem to have been as puzzling in ancient as in modern times. We find it noted that the sons of victors seldom distinguished themselves, and that it was not a common occurrence for those who had won prizes as boys to be successful as men. The prize that crowned so much toil and self-denial—we have it on St. Paul's authority that those who contended in the games were temperate in all things—the reward for all this labour was a simple wreath of wild olive cut from a special tree within the sacred grove. Nothing in itself, but in what it implied everything. No man was more honoured throughout the Greek world than an Olympic victor, and substantial rewards followed. As soon as his name and the name of his act were proclaimed, and the sacred wreath twined round his brows, and the palm of victory placed in his right hand, the whole of Greece delighted to honour him. His own city showered upon him praises and rewards, he was escorted home by a solemn procession in a chariot drawn by four white horses. The very wall of the city was broken down that he might pass through the gap, to signify that a city with such citizens needed no wall. The gods were solemnly thanked with prayer and sacrifice, and,

best of all, his praises were sung by an Archilochus, a Simonides, or a Pindar. We are sorry to learn from Pindar that if the lot of the victor was enviable, that of the vanquished was miserable, that he slunk home avoiding observation, an object of contempt to men. If so, let us hope that in the new Olympic games a manlier, a more English spirit will prevail.

The varied fortunes of the day were watched with the keenest interest by a vast body of spectators. They were in their places before sunrise, and sat all through the heat of the day enduring more than the combatants themselves, for they were not in training, the sun was at its hottest, the flies were troublesome (no hats were allowed), and the supply of water scanty. The varied turns of fortune called forth varied exclamations. The victor was smothered in flowers, and gifts were thrown to him, the vanquished sometimes were hooted, but the spectators were southerners and therefore excitable, they were half Oriental and therefore prone to idolise success. As soon as sunset brought the games for the day to a conclusion, and the hill of Cronos and the sacred grove with its pillared temples and the river Alpheus were flooded with the light of the full moon, the whole scene rang with the varied sounds of a joyous camp. The altars of the gods steamed with sacrifice, the air was laden with the odour of frankincense; the victors and their friends, in festal array, with song and flute and harp, went in procession to give thanks for victory at temple and shrine.

Not the least part of the spectacle were the spectators themselves. From all the ends of the then known world came visitors to see and to be seen. Solemn embassies were present, deputed by different States to offer sacrifices to the gods or to register treaties; here was the traveller who could give information as to the sources of the Nile, and here the trader with specimens of tin from our own mysterious island. The sculptor, the painter, and the poet brought their latest works. Here Herodotus read selections from his history, here Gorgias and Lysias delivered orations. Where publicity was to be obtained, the charlatan, the quack, and the theosophist were not likely to neglect the

opportunity. Here might be found the sophist Hippias equally clever at making a constitution or a pair of shoes, equally ready to discuss the theory of the germ-plasm or to deliver a lecture on punctuation. Here comes the Paracelsus of antiquity, the physician Merekrates, dressed to represent Jupiter, attended by a train of divinities as his testimonials, for they could not have lived without him—all of them able to live on anything but nectar and ambrosia. And strangest of all Peregrinus closing his protean transformations as Pagan, Christian, agnostic, and theosophist by leaping into the flames of the funeral pyre, to be sneered at by the sceptical humourist Lucian.

After such a spectacle Armeinius of Barce wrestling with his trained bull is tame indeed. It is more agreeable to turn to occasions when genuine merit received spontaneous meed of praise, as when Themistocles fresh from Salamis, and Plato fresh from the Republic, drew all eyes away from the games as they entered the stadium, the whole concourse of spectators rising in a body. The Greek too often, like the rest of us, fell below his own standard of honest thought and deed, but his was the true soul of the artist ever ready to appreciate and admire merit, even in a foe. Can as much be said of all modern nations? We are greater than the ancients, but let us ever remember that we stand upon their shoulders. Will the new Olympic games bring together a greater mass of individual merit than the old? Are we doomed to find that methods and machinery improve, not men? We Englishmen shoot farther and truer than our forefathers. Is it only because we use guns instead of bows?

There is, however, one respect in which the new Olympic era will certainly excel the old. Women were not admitted even as spectators in the olden time. We may expect them not only as spectators but as competitors in the new games. As they have crossed the Rubicon, they will hardly be kept back by the Alpheus. The new woman will be there, but *per contra* no slaves will be present. The good old times are gone for ever. Thank Heaven, we live in better!

ADAM RANKINE.



SALAMIS.

A QUESTION OF FAITH.

BY L. DOUGALL, AUTHOR OF "WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS."



HE DREW HER WITH SINEWY STRENGTH TO THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE.

CHAPTER I.

ON a mild day in February an English gentleman, by name Matthew Knighton, was walking across a bit of moorland on the borders of his own estate. He was bound for a neighbouring hamlet to meet a friend who was expected to arrive there by the weekly coach, which at this season was the only public means of passenger transport in the locality.

Knighton had just ascended a short steep hill to reach the upland which he was now crossing. Before him, stretching in ridge beyond ridge, green foreground merging into grey and misty distance, was

one of the great moors that lie south of the Bristol Channel.

His path was a narrow cart-road. On either side the turf, wherever it was seen, was of very vivid and tender green, by reason of moss that grew thickly in the grass; but on the greater part of the ground, heather with its brown seeds, and gorse with a few winter blossoms, were the covering. A few minutes brought him to where, in a hollow of the undulating ground near the descent of a steep combe, half-a-dozen old cottages were falling into ruins. There was no sign of life about any of these hovels except one, in the door of which stood an old woman who appeared to be the only

inhabitant of the place, unless a jackdaw with clipped wings, who hopped at her feet, could be looked upon as her companion.

The old woman's eye was still bright and her features shapely, although her skin was withered, wrinkled, and brown. She was dressed in such garments as an old witch might wear. She no sooner saw who was coming than she waved the stick she held with a sort of majestic welcome.

"Well, what now?" asked Knighton with testy tolerance, arrested, when he came near, by this peculiar demonstration.

He was a man perhaps about fifty, with iron-grey hair and shaven face; he was not above medium height, but strong both of feature and limb; he looked like a country gentleman who did not often bestir himself to go up to town, but he looked also as if he brought what was best in town down to him, for there was no lack of that keener intelligence which mental activity gives in his face.

This middle-aged man and aged woman stood facing one another on the windy moor, the one possessing all the advantage of what is called education and good breeding; the other, nothing but what Nature had bestowed of long experience and wit. And yet they were not altogether unlike, these two; many encounters had given to each a sort of rough conception that they two looked out upon the world of men around them from very similar standpoints.

"I'll tell 'ee a thing I've been a-thinken of, zir. There's beäbles as crawl about; they've got feälers, zoo they can know where they be going an' what they be doing. If half the beäbles wer' a-given no feälers, an' had to run among them as has, would that be right and vair?"

"Very hard on them, Gor, I should say."

"But moäst o' men are a-made thet way zhure enough, an' it's no vault to them thet they know no moor of God or man than they can zee and 'eär and zmiell—beäbles wi'out feälers they be. Is it right and vair?"

The Squire meditated a moment. He was accustomed to have many questions brought to him to decide, but perhaps few as congenial.

"Their forefathers neglected to use the feelers that were given them; they grew weak and dropped off, so their children had none."

He looked, not without a good deal of inward curiosity, to see how far the shrewd old woman would understand.

"Oh, thee be allus a-squaring things for th' Almighty for us poor volks; but don't tell I—I zay it's not vair."

Knighton went on his way over a ridge of hill.

When the coach stopped, it put down only one passenger and his luggage. He was a young man, and, seen at a little distance, he was quite like the ordinary young man that one sees in the illustrations of magazine stories. That is to say, his clothes were made by a good tailor, his features were regular, and his hair and moustache were just what they ought to be. Observed more closely, he had, of course, an individuality; it would have been natural to suppose that he was a person of good taste and good feeling, probably strongly actuated by both. Knighton greeted him.

"Good of you to come," said the traveller. "A tremendous comfort to see some one person I know. Old Crusoe, if he had been marched out of the waves to wed one of the Miss Cannibals, couldn't have been much more *in terra incognita* than I am." He spoke in a rather excited way, as if his speech was more wordy than usual.

"Will you walk?" asked the other. "You will want to stretch your legs; the trap has a circuit to make."

The two men started back upon the path across the moor.

The younger man's name was Henry Harvey. He was an artist. Although descended from a family of this neighbourhood, he had never visited the place before. It was he who spoke.

"When my father and I met you in town you were so tremendously kind that I feel as if I must talk to you a bit about this affair. I hope it won't bore you; you see you know her so well; and about the place and everything. You see, theoretically I don't believe in being married by family arrangement; but practically, if Alice Bolitho will have me—"

"You will have her?"

"Well, I mean, apart from the question of liking, it is a decidedly good arrangement for us both. The rents here are barely enough for her to scratch along on, and I would like to have the old place and can afford to keep it up."

Here no remark came in answer. Harvey, who was sensitive to approval or disapproval, began again.

"Well, you see, of course I don't mean to dispense with love, but I was merely showing why it was worth while to come and have a try for it."

"Quite a situation for a novel."

"Yes, isn't it; only, some way, in real life things never smack of romance as they do in books—at least not until they are long past: there is too much detail, too much or too little personal responsibility, I don't know which. But, you know, of course it all depends on Miss Bolitho. I want you to tell me about her. I know she has been up to Cambridge like a man, and taken a degree, or whatever they give the feminines. Is she appallingly strong-minded?"

"By strong-minded do you mean—"

"Oh—wearing big boots, you know, and a top coat and pot hat, and—"

"The strength of Miss Bolitho's clothing is, as far as I have observed, proportioned to the severity of the weather and her need to expose herself to it. If by 'the strength of her mind' you mean the strength of her will, I should think that also would be brought into force only when it was required."

"Is she such a paragon? A fellow wrote to me the other day and said that his wife had no faults, but she was also very nice; and that the 'but' was not inadvertent. And there is something in that view of it, you know; it's the best proof, I always say, of the 'Adam's fall' story that we can't even conceive of a person being charming and faultless."

"Faultlessness, then, in your idea involves one of those two greatest faults against God and man—insipidity or arrogance."

"But about Miss Bolitho—she wrote to me that she was not religious. That is the worst of modern women—not being religious."

"All women in other ages you conceive to have been devout and holy?"

"Well, she meant she was an agnostic or something. Now, I am not grand at religion, but I had about as soon hang myself as believe that things were bounded by the evidence of my senses."

"I do not know that 'agnostic' applies to her in its exact meaning."

"Hang it if I have used the word wrongly! I am just like the lady who met the vicar after he had given a lecture on the Gnostics, and said that she was so much obliged to him, for she had never known precisely what agnostics were before."

They passed the cottages where the witch lived, and just beyond they left the road by which Knighton had come an hour before, keeping to a path running beside a combe, that here cut into the hill over which they were walking. The sides of the combe were not bare, but thickly wooded with a low growth of oak which still retained its sere leaves; and although among them in some places hollies grew luxuriant, the myriad of dead leaves and the grotesque shapes of the roots of a former generation of oaks, out of which, in many cases, the younger trees grew, gave the hollow a peculiarly desolate appearance. A stream which gathered in the higher hill above was seen pitching down the rocky centre of the place, and heard after it ceased to be seen.

At the edge of the wood the path again divided into two. The one led downward along the side of the combe, about half-way between the stream and the summit, but the trees were so thick that a little way below neither path nor stream could be descried from the top; the other path led on, through some cultivated fields, over the open brow of the bluff on which they were. It was this that Knighton took. Harvey, who had been observing the prospect with eager eyes, felt disappointment.

"What a shame our way does not lie down there! What a romantic place!" Then after a pause, in which the rugged grandeur of the moor above, the soft colour of the leaves of the wood and strange shapes of its roots, grew upon him, he added, with some quiet strength of purpose in his tone, "I will make a picture of that."

"In summer?" said Knighton.

"No; now. Look at the greys of that sky. Look at the mass of tawny leaves and the stream——"

"And kill yourself—you, unaccustomed to a damp climate."

"It is bleak up here in the wind."

"Nothing to-day to what it usually is."

"Nevertheless, I will make the picture."

There was something about him when he spoke of the picture that commanded Knighton's respect. He spoke in a more cordial tone.

"As a matter of fact we can get to Norcombe as well by the lower path, but farther down it runs rather narrow at the edge of a steep bit of rock. It is hardly safe in my opinion. In any case it is a shut-in place; I prefer the open."

This prosaic preference jarred on Harvey's tastes; he did not listen intently to what Knighton went on to say; the idea of the new picture had taken



"I WILL MAKE A PICTURE OF THAT."

possession of him. The artistic faculty is stimulated just in proportion as the whole mind is stimulated. Harvey had, as it were, lately fallen heir to an engagement of marriage with his second cousin Miss Bolitho—in so far, at least, as a will can entail such an engagement. He had come quickly to ratify or cancel the arrangement. He was deeply excited; at the very source of all his ordinary thoughts and feelings life was pulsing more strongly; and that his art was an integral part of him was proved in this—that he was now more perfectly an artist than at ordinary seasons. He looked back lingeringly at the place he had chosen as they walked on.

Behind them, as they now walked, the higher ridge of the moorland rose with its vivid greens of moss and grey greens of wintry heaths; before

them, below the descent, could be seen the low meadows of the valley of Norcombe, to which they were bound. Beyond that, again, another hill rose, grey because it was well-wooded and leafless. Before they came to the descent they stopped at a good-sized cottage or small farmhouse, the only house on the hill. It was a lonely place, but its inmates had no appearance of leading a solitary life. They were a stalwart, peaceful, country couple, who in summer let their best rooms to such chance tourists as might wish to explore the beauty of the secluded neighbourhood. Knighton had stopped at the cottage on business of his own. While they tarried Harvey learned these particulars.

"I will take these rooms," he said to Knighton. "I can live here as well as at Norcombe Inn, and I can make my picture."

Knighton raised his eyebrows. "You will be farther from Norcombe," he said.

"Just at present I am a good deal more frightened of Norcombe than of any other place in the wide world. And, look here, you won't desert me this evening; you promised to let me make my first visit under your protection. I am really very much alarmed, you know. Just put yourself in my place! But I suppose you are one of those very magnificent fellows who would never be frightened of a woman."

There was nothing in Knighton's face that expressed either assent or denial with regard to the flattery thus thrust at him.

Harvey engaged his lodging. After that he walked on with Knighton down to the village of Norcombe, to the inn whither his luggage had been sent.

CHAPTER II.

THAT same afternoon, an hour later, Alice Bolitho came downstairs in the old house which had lately come into her possession, and showed herself at the door of a lower sitting-room, equipped for walking. Inside the sitting-room sat a lady who might still properly be described as a young lady, except that the wearing of a wedding-ring and tokens of widowhood in the black dress prevented the conventional use of that term.

"Alice!"—in great surprise—"Are you going out? Oh, I don't think I would if I were you; you know, you might meet—Do you think it would seem quite ladylike, dear, to go out to meet him? He would be sure to *think that*, you know."

"If he did, I should think him a duffer, and which would be the worse? You are always alarmed, my pretty Amy, about what other people will think; but you never get up any very great alarms about what you and I may think of them, which is quite as important."

"Oh, if I were you, Alice, I wouldn't begin by thinking that he is this or that. I would just try to make him think me as nice as I could."

"Yes" (good-naturedly), "I am sure that is just what you would do if you were I; and I suppose it is what you will do, not being I."

The other, not being very quick of mind, did

not take in the point of the retort; a smiling manner was more to her than the precise meaning of words.

"I don't think you had better go out until he has called; it would *seem*, you know, as if you were in a hurry to see him."

"On the contrary, it is because he will probably call that I am going out to avoid him. That is ladylike enough, surely, even to please you. And if, when he arrives, my motives do not strike him in the true light, you can readjust his thoughts to suit yourself."

Miss Bolitho went out, and walked down the drive that led to the village street. The house that she left was of white rough-cast, large and low. To one side of it rose the mossy thatch roof of an enormous stone barn, and into the court of which this barn formed one side an old oak gateway gave entrance. The gateway had about it some rude carving, which was almost falling to pieces with age. On the other side of the house was a high brick wall and the roofs of smaller cottages; a little babbling stream ran all the way across the small park through which the drive made way. The grass was rich under leafless elm-trees, and lusty daffodil clumps, among all the grass, were gorgeous with yellow flowers.

It did not take more than ten minutes to walk through the village—a village of rough-cast cottages and thatched roofs. A quarter of a mile beyond, the road bridged the stream from the combe, which here passed onward into level meadows. On one side the hill rose high, and the way to the moor was either over it or through the combe. Alice Bolitho, restless and eager for a laborious walk, turned into the latter, because she argued that if Mr. Knighton had taken Harvey to his own house for luncheon, which appeared to her the probable course, they would after that walk back to Norcombe House on a road where the hill-path would be very visible.

The combe stream in the course of ages had made a deep cutting, and on one side the precipice was steep. To the top of this precipice the path ascended and ran on half-way below the hill-top; the scrubby trees, even the old gnarled roots, overhung the path, and made it a concealed and secret sort of place. The length of this secluded way was not so great as to make it an unusual country walk to anyone accustomed to such rambles; but when Alice had advanced a certain distance and left the opening almost half-way behind, she was surprised to find that to-day the loneliness of the place struck her with a dismal impression which she had never derived from it before. She remembered, too, that Knighton had told her that he doubted the safety of the path. In her worry of spirits she had entirely forgotten this, but even now, when she remembered it, she did not think it sufficient reason for going back, because, being warned, she could watch for a broken place, and the bank above was not so steep but that she could climb and pass among the outgrowing trees. Why, then, she asked herself, annoyed, did the recollection of this warning and the seclusion depress her? She had often walked in this place before, and had enjoyed its gloom.

It is probable that if in what are called presentiments there is anything more than curious coincidence; the law that governs them is that of mind acting upon mind without the ordinary medium of the senses. But Alice Bolitho did not even allow herself to think of presentiments, and, determined not to yield to these allurements of foolish fear, she walked on steadily, with fresh roses in her cheek, and clear, calm eyes.

She had her dog with her—a golden collie, in whose companionship she took the greatest delight. He was smiling now, as collies can smile, and bounding in front and bounding behind, barking with preposterous delight at the echo of his own voice. He was not depressed by any loneliness in the scene or fear of the narrow path; why should she be? She watched the path carefully to see that it was firm; she set the heel of her will, as it were, upon her unaccountable and unreasonable fear.

Quite unaccountable and unreasonable this fear—and yet where the precipice was high it suddenly sprang up before her, visible. A man crouching behind a wild holly-shrub rose with a cat-like spring. She swerved at the sight of him, but he had laid hold of her arm with an iron grasp.

She screamed. Her scream almost died on her lips, piercing only a little way into the air of the solitude around, falling again into a nervous moan, horrible to her own ears, so weak and hopeless was the sound. She screamed again, and again she knew that her voice had not carried beyond the trees of the lonely place. With all the strength that she possessed she tried without avail to wrench her arm from the grasp that held it. The stick in her hand was taken from her, and tossed like a child's plaything over the rocks into the stream below.

She called to her dog in breathless haste; she had enough voice, hoarse and unnatural as it sounded, to bid him spring upon her assailant. The dog, alas! had received no special training for the one accident of a lifetime. The man who had sprung from the trees wore no rags, nor did he smell like a beggar; the dog, eager to help his mistress in her obvious distress, decided that it was his most pleasing duty to seek the missing stick, and dashed away by a long *détour* to reach the foot of the precipice. Alice, unable at the moment to realise whither he had gone, only had this weird feeling added to her horrid plight, that the villain in whose violent hold she was had, exercised some mysterious repellent force by which the dog had been terror-stricken.

The aspect of her enemy lent force to the thought. He was not strong or brutal, as one commonly thinks of brutal strength; he was an old man, thin, white-haired, a face and form in which it seemed as if mildness, by some awful chemistry, had been changed into a wolf-like ferocity.

"You are mad!" she exclaimed fiercely.

"Yes, young lady; mad—mad enough for any extremity!"

"What do you want?"

For answer he began with sinewy strength to press her forward to the edge of the precipice.

It was only, perhaps, a hundred seconds since he had first touched her, and now she felt little hope,

and believed that he would cast her down upon the rocks beneath. The shock, acting on a woman's weakness of nerve, which until then she had never suspected in herself, deprived her of physical strength, almost of breath; and that her mind did not fail, but grasped with steady clearness her whole situation, did not aid her—a delirium of fear or anger might have given back her strength.

"Listen, girl!" The man's eyes glared at her; she felt his hot breath with his words. "My son and I are hunted to death. We have taken refuge in a cellar of a mud hut on the heath yonder. My son is dying; he will never walk again in the light. Dying! Do you know what that means? No matter what he has done; they would catch him and drag him, dying as he is, into courts and prisons if they could. We are starving, starving! Do you know what that means?"

Quickly as the strenuous words were poured into her ear she began to understand. "I will give you money."

"Money, girl! I could give you more."

"I will give you food."

He began to speak again; his voice was slightly changed; his words did not come so terribly fast. At first she did not understand at all; his subject seemed to have changed; his words to be the utterance of the wildest lunacy. Then, again, a light came to her as to his meaning; he was repeating an oath which he demanded that she should repeat after him.

She was silent a minute longer, listening to the words he poured upon her, her mind terribly alive, her breath and pulses still almost failing her. A promise extorted by force need not, ought not, to be binding! He would have her swear that she would not convey to any human being the knowledge of himself or his hiding, that she would bring to him food such as a sick man might live upon, that she would conceal what she did as if her own life depended upon the concealment. The interests of law and justice, the merest humanity to her neighbours, demanded that such a promise should be broken. The man was mad, and therefore the threat of a horrible death which his looks and actions pressed hard upon her would, without this promise, be fulfilled. The man was mad, and therefore words said to pacify him were as nothing.

In the name of all that is sacred he called upon her to swear; and she went on repeating the words of the oath as he whispered them, like a child that lisped its first prayer.

Near the path the roots of bygone oaks held out queer arms and heads like gargoyles, and from these grew the young trees that held the canopy of dead leaves. Above was the quiet sky, around the silent hills, beneath the rocks and foaming stream. On the narrow ledge under the trees the old man and young woman stood almost quiet, the desperate antagonism of mind and will that was between them only showing in the fierce, nervous grasp by which he held her so perilously near the verge, and her pallid face and shrinking gesture.

"You think to break your oath," said the old man. He seemed to read, but without certainty, the thoughts in her mind. "You will say I compelled you; that you will not regard it!"

"I will keep the oath," she said, with white lips.

"Listen! Do you know what a soul is? The life that is you, that will live somewhere—think, act, live somehow, somewhere, for ever and ever and ever?" The fevered words sighed out over the rocky steep, and their whisper seemed to be echoed not by the rocks, but by the hissing movement of the sere leaves, "for ever and ever." "Can you think what it is to be a father, and have given such life to a son? to stand by and see that life hurled out of this mortal state, hurled on the downward track to a hell of evil deeds?" His mind dominated hers, she saw the vision he saw; it might be only a mad vision, not a reality, but she saw it. "Listen! You *keep* this word you have said, and I shall keep my son long enough to teach him a thing he needs to know—a thing that will redeem his soul. *I will teach him what love and mercy mean, and he will understand God's justice, and it will redeem his soul. You break these words you have spoken—and—*" His tones, now threatening, stopped; he looked wildly towards Heaven.

Was he so mad, even now, when she had given the promise, as to think that her own soul would be more safe if hurried to instant death, than if she had the chance to profane the vow?

His grasp upon her relaxed; he motioned her to the path with a gesture that told of gentle breeding, but it told also of trust reposed in her. It was just one moment more of his presence, but that moment of trust, too quickly gone to be arrested, appalled her more than the words she had said. Her mind, made up as to action, did not pause to know that this trust was appalling. She darted from her tormentor because she was free.

The dog who, some forty feet below, had spent the time in excited movements upon the last accessible rock, trying to decide whether or not he would risk his life for the stick, now conveniently solved the problem by forgetting its existence, and incontinently raced back by the way he had come, making much scuffling with the earth and the dead bracken. When he came past the spot of the encounter, the old man was going up the bank under the holly-trees, and his mistress had gone on by the accustomed path; but so little notice did she take of him that he felt reproached in his mind, and remembered the stick, and went back once more to look at the whirling pool in which it lay.

Alice Bolitho ran upon the upward path. Her one thought was to find some one who would avenge her suffering and secure the enemy who was so mad and dangerous.

CHAPTER III.

THE mighty laws which govern circumstance do not arrange the details of life to suit the lovers of a perfect tale. It might so easily have happened that one or both of the men who were chiefly interested in Alice Bolitho should have passed by, or just above, the place of her misadventure at the right time, and have heard her cry and rescued her; but, instead of that, Harvey and

Knighton together had left the place long before she approached it, and Harvey, returning to it by himself, came just too late.

He had taken lunch at the inn, looked at the quaint little village, and glanced curiously through the gates at Norcombe House. After that he returned and established himself in the cottage upon the hill, and strolled again to the spot whose beauty had so fascinated him—the upper entrance to thecombe.

The path here was a descending ledge, and the side of the hill curved in and out with the winding of the stream below. Descending a little way, Harvey was standing above the path among the trees, and was feeling rather than observing the prospect before him, when suddenly in the stillness of the place he heard a light footfall coming up with speed. As he looked, a girl came round the turning into view. Her face was very white; indeed, it appeared to Harvey to be so blanched of all colour that he did not truly know for a moment whether he looked at a woman or at a ghost—if a ghost could sustain the weight of ordinary clothing.

As for the girl, when she caught sight of him she hesitated, first, as it seemed, with an impulse of renewed terror, and next, apparently, with an eager desire to speak. So astonished he was, he stood still, leaning perforce, as he had been, against a tree to keep his footing, and the girl, as these changes of impulse passed over her, stood upon the path looking up to him. It proved, however, that the white lips formed no word, that there was no voice to come from the throat of this pallid creature. A few moments more, and she had gone on as she came, running with light fleet step up to the moor.

Harvey followed, but at a more reasonable pace, for when her back was turned the ordinary habits of life so far reasserted themselves as to remind him that to run upon the heels of a young lady would not tend to lessen her fears if she were afraid, and in any case was a proceeding too odd to be justified by the mere sight of a sheet-like countenance.

When he reached the open, he still saw the figure which had recently been near him. She was travelling upon the upper path in the Norcombe direction, and as he followed, returning to his rooms, he still saw her in advance, until she went over the hill where it dipped suddenly to the village.

That evening Harvey met Knighton by appointment at Norcombe Inn, whence they were both to repair to Miss Bolitho's drawing-room for that first interview, so terrifying and at the same time so interesting to Harvey. Harvey had, however, now a counteracting subject of interest.

"I never saw anyone look so much like a picture of death in life," he said to Knighton, after having related the incident.

"Most extraordinary! What did she wear?"

"Haven't the slightest idea."

"Well, I mean was she a gentlewoman?"

"Yes, certainly that."

They were walking together in the dusky night towards Norcombe House. Knighton's questions came sharply, with pauses for reflection between.

"Was she thin—in a black dress?"

"No."

A longer pause; then Knighton said, in a voice that had a studied effort of calm:

"It must have been Miss Bolitho. She is the last person I would have expected to be frightened in the way you describe, unless there was very sufficient cause, which I trust there was not."

Knighton was tramping along at a great rate as he spoke. If Harvey had been more at leisure from himself, he would have observed that the motive power of this swift walking was inward perturbation; but he observed nothing, his mind was full of the idea that possibly he had already seen his lady-love, and he was trying to recall more particularly what she was like.

The night was not dark; the stream running in the grass of the park was just apparent as they passed over. Through the leafless twigs of high trees the stars were shining. In the lower windows of the square white house there was light.

"But who," said Harvey, "is the thin person you mentioned, with the black dress?"

"You did not suppose that Miss Bolitho lived here all alone?"

"I never thought anything about it."

"Mrs. Ross, a young widow who is a distant relative, is staying with her."

"Both young! Are they attached to one another?"

"Miss Bolitho has an affection for Mrs. Ross which is to me rather unaccountable, for I should not fancy Mrs. Ross to be very congenial."

When they entered the house they were shown into a square sitting-room on the lower floor: oak beams crossed and recrossed each other in the low ceiling, the three windows opening on the park were low and square, all the furniture was dark and plain. At a square table the ladies sat with their work, and they both rose, coming forward a pace or two, and at first sight Harvey was sorry that he had been told that the thin lady in black was not Alice Bolitho, for she was fairer to look at than the other. On either side of a pretty face light, waving hair was brushed with nun-like simplicity; her very delicacy gave grace to her figure; if she was pale, the excitement of their entrance had brought a rose-flush to her cheeks; if she was older than her companion, she hardly looked it in the lamp-light. Miss Bolitho, on the other hand, was a much more ordinary-looking person; she had an appearance of sturdy strength; her face, though fresh and pleasing, was not at all beautiful; her dark abundant hair was arranged with no attempt to make it appear either æsthetic or fashionable. Harvey distinctly felt that the stars in their courses might have been more favourable to him.

The shaded lamp did not allow him to be sure at the first greeting whether or not he had seen Alice Bolitho before. He sat a little back from the table, endeavouring to observe her face more carefully.

The conversation went lamely, for Knighton appeared to have the grim idea that Harvey, having been introduced, should now shine in the talk with unclipped light, and Mrs. Ross, with a pretty air of shy deference, looked to Miss Bolitho to answer

all the remarks that either of the men made. Harvey anathematised Knighton as a tactless fool, but it did not occur to him to make the same criticism upon the lady with the pretty face. At last he said:

"I think I cannot be mistaken—I think I saw you to-day coming up the combe."

"Yes; I was just thinking it must have been you whom I saw there."

Ever since they had come in, Miss Bolitho had been replying with quiet, candid good sense. Harvey thought she would have been more attractive if she had shown the sensibility of the embarrassing nature of the occasion which her companion was displaying; and that she should also propose to treat their meeting of the afternoon as if nothing remarkable had characterised it, appeared to him distinctly cold and artificial. Now that he saw her in abundant health and calm of nerve, what he had witnessed in the afternoon appeared more and more extraordinary. Knighton, who was at this point fidgeting almost noisily with his chair, made an apparent effort to say nothing.

Harvey smiled across the table to his cousin.

"You surely were feeling faint or frightened when I saw you. I—I almost thought—almost thought you were a spiritual creature, you were so pale."

"Yes; I was feeling faint and very much frightened."

"Oh, Alice, my dear, how was it that you did not tell me? Feeling faint and frightened, and you were alone!" The words were uttered in a voice full of feeling. Mrs. Ross had come out of herself, it appeared, in her distress about the revelation just made.

Alice replied, with just the slightest touch of irritation in her voice, "The faintness was over in a minute, Amy; it was not worth mentioning."

"Oh, my dear"—with great affection—"to think that you should have been faint—you who are so strong! If it had been me, now, it would have been nothing, not to be considered for a moment."

Alice was silent.

"What frightened you?" This question came from Knighton, in a voice low and determined, and Alice looked across at him a moment with clear, kindly eyes before she answered. It seemed to rest her so to look and meet his gaze; but Harvey was not observing her, he was noticing Amy Ross, who was brooding over the rebuff of Alice's silence. She had drawn her chair a little farther from the light; there was a look of pain and patience in her delicate face, and something that suggested that that look was frequently to be seen there.

"I walked through the combe," said Alice. "You told me not to go"—this to Knighton—"but I thought that, being warned that the path might be loose, I was safe enough. Yet for some reason, when I got to—" (her voice faltered, it was a moment before she could go on) "to the ledge over the rock—I became quite dizzy and frightened. I did not know before that I could be so foolish and weak."

"What frightened you?" Knighton repeated his question with exactly the same force.

Alice smiled. "You know"—in an explanatory tone—"I am not the least superstitious. I don't

believe that people with pale faces may be ghosts as likely as not" (she glanced mockingly at Harvey), "yet I confess that I had a fit of nerves, or a presentiment of evil, or whatever you may call it, that I can't account for, and when I got to the steepest place I was terrified; I was only too glad to run up to the moor as quickly as I could."

"You could not have run uphill if you were faint," said Knighton.

"It was when I stopped for a bit that I felt faint."

"Do you mean me to understand that this terror came upon you without your seeing or hearing anything to cause it?" Knighton asked this sternly.

There was just an instant's pause. Alice answered evasively, and turned away.

When the men were gone, the two women within the house went to their sleeping-rooms.

Amy Ross, upon shutting her own door, fell into a little reverie before her toilet-glass. She was afraid of Knighton—that is, she thought he disapproved of her, and she always feared disapproval, but she decided that she liked the new-comer. She began to think what this and that expression on his face had meant. After a little reflection, she could have given an account of all his inward thoughts and feelings during the evening. Then she remembered how very happy he and Alice would probably be together; the remembrance saddened her, and naturally, because there was no place for herself in the vision. There are few of us who are unselfish enough to enjoy festivities of heart from which our hearts are shut out. Then she recollected that she would for the present have the interesting occupation of guiding the course of true love in the right channel; that, as she loved to be of use, put heart into her again.

When Alice Bolitho entered her bedroom she did not linger in pensive meditation; she did what she had to do with ordinary rapidity, and that was to go to bed. The room was chilly, for one thing—Amy had a fire, but she had none; for another, she longed to have the candle out; she hated the very sight of herself that evening. Yet when her head was pillowed in the darkness she did not for a long time even think of sleep.

With hands clasped under her thick tresses, and head that lay outwardly quiet upon the hands, and eyes wide open to the darkness, the girl lay looking into the situation in which she found herself.

It was hard, hard indeed, that among all the women of her class in peaceful England who passed their lives in unruffled security she should have been one of the very few to be molested by a violent hand. She was sure that statistics would show that the chances against any real danger on a country road were so great that to have seriously listened to her curious preliminary fears would have been quite foolish, yet the event had proved most miserable.

Miserable in this, that the adventure, short and barren of such horrors as any imagination might conjure up, had, just by its reality, struck down her strength, physical and moral, with such an easy blow; and in this also, that the trap which had been laid for her was a worn-out, rusty thing; it seemed to

her excited brain as if many of the pages of romance were soiled with vows of help and concealment weakly taken under the compulsion of fear.

It was a most amazing thing that two criminals, or, rather, one dying criminal and his protector, should have taken refuge in so quiet a neighbourhood, and should claim from her, the only woman of substance near, that she should feed them and keep their secret till death came for the younger man. More extraordinary did this seem because she now believed that the thin aged creature who had extorted this promise from her was a man of gentle birth and life, and not more mad than every man may be in his direst extremity.

It was plainly not for the good of society that this man or any other should be able to rely upon a promise compelled by force. It was not the best thing for the community in which she lived that such desperate characters should remain hidden there. It was worse for the men themselves, one aged, the other dying, to suffer want and exposure than to be placed in some prison hospital. It was plainly a most disagreeable course for herself, to keep such a secret, to prevaricate and evade the questions of her best friends, and to afford the constant help to these men that would be necessary.

As well as Alice could spell out the dictate of wisdom, it bade her notify the authorities in the person of Mr. Knighton that men were starving in one of the cottages on the moor.

Now, against all this there was but one consideration, as it appeared to Alice, to be set, and that was the intensely disagreeable feeling of dishonour that overcame her when she had actually essayed to take the course that wisdom indicated. Out of cowardice she had given a promise, and given it in words of which the very remembrance sapped all her self-respect; she had vowed, and she had deliberately repeated the vow, and now to break it seemed such a low and bad thing to do that she must be sure that there was harm in keeping it before she broke it.

Alice Bolitho looked into the darkness, and as clear to her mind as it had been to her eyes some hours before when she had made a visit in the dusk, rose the picture of the interior of a broken cottage, of a young man in the last stages of wasting disease, and of the old man, weak with the reaction from his fierce assault, trembling with the palsy of starvation. These men could not injure others, she thought; the harm would be to themselves, and the counterbalancing good the old man looked for was a matter of circumstances and beliefs of which she knew nothing. "Well," she sighed, "that is his responsibility." And the harm would be to herself. She felt that for her cowardice she deserved discomfort, and she plainly chose the least discomfort in keeping her word rather than in breaking it.

This was the way the thoughts of Alice Bolitho ran on the evening of the day on which she had seen her first suitor. Once she thought of him. "Oh, I wish," she said to herself, "that I could tell him all about it; he looks as if he would be kind, but it would be a mean sort of thing to shift the responsibility on to him."

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

PROFESSOR AND POET.

THE death of Professor Blackie is the passing away of an aged man who never grew old.

Youthfulness was the dominant note of his personality. To the very last, the man of eighty had all the defect and all the excess of a brilliant boy of twenty. Looked at from the standpoints of heredity and environment, his temperament and proclivities may be regarded as what scientists would call "a sport"—and in this case the word seems singularly appropriate. Biographical research may bring to light whether he had any Celtic blood from maternal ancestry—which might account for the streak of elfishness and gaiety, but which would in that case only emphasise the strange and total absence of the mysticism and gloom which usually counterbalance elfishness and gaiety in the Celtic nature. But Blackie bore a Border name, and his father was a Border man, belonging to Kelso, engaged in banks, first in Glasgow, where his clever son was born, and then in Aberdeen, where he removed only three years later; so that John Stuart Blackie was reared among the canny and undemonstrative influences of the Granite City, receiving the foundation of his education at a private school there, and afterwards at Marischal College (which was not then wholly devoted to the study of medicine).

According to the custom then prevalent in the Scottish Universities, Blackie was a student when he was only twelve years of age. He won a "bursary," or "scholarship," for excellence in Latin, but as it was intended for poor people, he resigned it. Blackie ever kept a warm heart for Aberdeen, though his kindness was of that kinsmanly sort which consists with plainness of speech and shrewdness of estimation.

After three years at college in Aberdeen he went on to Edinburgh, where he had the advantage of studying under Professor Wilson, better known as "Christopher North." He afterwards spent some

time in Göttingen and Berlin, becoming a perfect master of the German language; and at this time, also, he came greatly under the influence of Baron Bunsen, a power which he felt so much that he has said: "My father's teaching, the nature God gave me, and Bunsen's influence have been the great shaping forces of my life."

Like Robert Louis Stevenson, Blackie began life as a lawyer. The scene of such practice as he ever got seems to have been Aberdeen, and an old

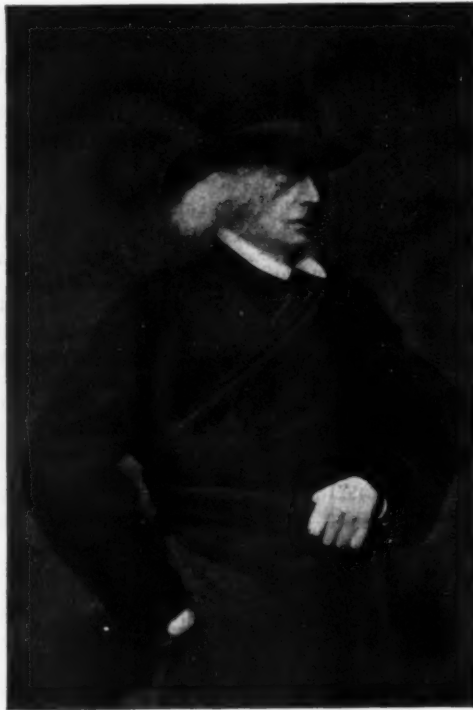
local print of the period gives a not too favourable sketch of his appearance and manner in court, with the additional comment that "this world does not appreciate genius, and the juries always brought in Mr. Blackie's clients guilty." He was quite ready to acknowledge himself a legal failure. One of the early signs of his characteristic temperament is to be found in his own confession, "I actually used to sing a song at my own expense when out at parties, which asked all benevolent people to give a poor starving lawyer a fee." The refrain ran—

"Give a fee! Give a fee!
Give a fee!
O give to a poor starving
lawyer a fee!"

Speedily conceding his own want of success in this capacity, he proceeded to enter literary fields as a contributor to "Fraser's Magazine,"

and shortly after as the producer of a metrical version of Goethe's "Faust," which some competent critics have pronounced as, in certain respects, the best translation of that masterpiece of literary art.

But in 1839, when he was barely thirty years of age, and greatly, it is to be feared, as the result of sheer family influence, he found himself appointed Professor of Humanity at Marischal College, Aberdeen. (English readers may be reminded that in Scottish Universities the "Professor of Humanity" is the description given to Professors engaged in Latin teaching.) Blackie did not, however, enter on his duties till two years later, and



PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

(From a photograph by D. Macara.)

the cause of the delay is highly creditable to him. The Professors of that date were compelled to sign the Confession of Faith, and Professor Blackie, though accustomed to worship according to the forms of Presbyterianism, declared that he could sign the Confession only in his public professional capacity, and in reference merely to University functions. "I am not sufficiently learned in theology," said he, "to be able to decide on many articles in the Confession of Faith." Objection was taken to this qualification, and the point was fought out at law, the Court of Session finally ruling that it was sufficient if the Confession was signed, without further inquiry into the signer's standpoints.

Henceforth, therefore, Blackie found himself surrounded by all the dignities and decorums of professorial life. But these seem to have had no effect whatever in conventionalising him. From first to last all sorts of stories were told of John Stuart Blackie—legends of outbreaks of idiosyncrasies and animal spirits such as cease to beset most people after they are five-and-twenty. Undoubtedly some of these stories were apocryphal—nay, the Professor himself totally denied one or two of the most popular. But the significant fact is, that to those who knew him best, these stories were always quite credible.

In 1842 Professor Blackie married. His wife, a woman of rare personal presence and charm, survives him, so that they had the exceptional felicity of celebrating their golden wedding in 1892.

In 1852 Blackie was appointed to the Chair of Greek in Edinburgh University—a post which he held with much popularity and picturesqueness for thirty years. From some points of view he was not exactly an ideal professor. He was no disciplinarian, and his class was the noisiest in the college. After making every effort to restore order, from pathetic appeals to somewhat stormy invective, he not unfrequently had to close his lecture and turn his class out! He himself was too impatient for the ordinary drudgery of class work. Probably there was never a "professor" more unlike "the type." On the other hand, "he was no mere grammatical pedagogue. He considered his professorial function to be truly that of the 'Humanities' in the largest sense, and aimed to give a knowledge less of syntax than of the men, institutions, philosophy, prose, and poetry of Greece." And not of Greece only. For even the apologist we have quoted goes on to say, "It would have been well had he given more of Greece and less of Britain in his daily prelections." Yet there is another side even to this gentle reproach. One of his old students, a man now attaining honourable place in literature, says of Blackie in the class-room:

"Imagination and fancy, enthusiasm for great ideals, pathos, humour, fine insight into men and books, far-seeing knowledge of life, scorn, indignation, tenderness, came in flashes from the old man eloquent in the course of one brief hour. A heroic note from Plutarch, a deep thought of Plato, a happy character of Sir Walter Scott's, some sturdy deed of Knox's, filled up the time delightfully to some students, foolishly to others, and it was only in after years that they began to reap the harvest of these desultory conversations. Then they recognised they had been getting wisdom instead of Greek."

It is no mean privilege for young men to be brought in contact with a nature so virile. And the Professor was anxious to stand in friendly relation with his students outside the University. Every Saturday during the winter session a batch, taken alphabetically, were invited to breakfast with him and Mrs. Blackie. They were always received with the most genial hospitality, and hundreds must have carried away the pleasantest memories of these occasions.

John Stuart Blackie, while holding his professorial chair, wrote many books, among them "The Wise Men of Greece," "Horæ Hellenicæ," "Altavona," and that by which he is most widely known, the volume called "Self Culture," which reached thirteen editions and was translated into several European languages. During the same period his enthusiasm for all things appertaining to the Highlands led him to co-operate in a scheme for establishing a Celtic chair in Edinburgh University. At this project he worked so energetically and successfully that in 1882—the year of his own retirement—the Celtic chair was triumphantly established with a good endowment.

After his retirement from teaching, he busied himself greatly as a public lecturer, in which capacity he was exceedingly popular, his erraticism adding the charm of unexpectedness to each appearance. He took such sympathetic subjects as "Bonnie Prince Charlie," "Scotch Songs," and "Scottish Nationality." One who heard the two first named writes:

"A finer intellectual treat I never had before or since. It was not so much the lectures themselves, as the unique digressions on every subject under the sun to which he treated his audience every five minutes or so. . . . And then, in the middle of a period of fervid eloquence, he would burst into song, waving his arms and stamping his feet like a boy of sixteen. For a time one forgot he was listening to a man upwards of eighty years old."

Nobody could be in his company, even under the most ordinary circumstances, without seeing that this was a man who did what was right in his own eyes without much regard for mere social conveniences. The writer of this article spent an evening with him, many years ago, in a Highland manse. As we sat at tea with the minister's family in the little lowly room, half kitchen and half parlour, opening straight upon the old-fashioned garden, Blackie, himself an old man even then, while full of most courteous consideration for his aged and feeble host, yet at intervals, when anything in the conversation appeared to start some chain of reflection, rose up from his unfinished meal and took a turn among the garden beds, and then came back and resumed talking over the tea-cups! That was an evening of rare laughter and song; and be it noted, Blackie's daring personal remarks were always of the kind which give unexpected pleasure and not sudden stab of pain.

"I am wondering what you are like?" he said to a silent girl in the little circle. "What are you like? You are like a bird—I think you are rather like a water wagtail. Be thankful, my dear; it is well to be like a bird."

In personal appearance John Stuart Blackie was attractive and striking. He triumphed completely

over the bondage of modern masculine attire, and his tall graceful form, wrapped in his grey shepherd's plaid, and crowned with long, exquisitely silvered hair flowing from beneath the wide soft hat, was a familiar feature of Edinburgh streets, and was worthy even of Auld Reekie's matchless backgrounds of the Castle Rock and the Lion of Arthur's Seat. The aged face was finely cut, and had a fascinatingly whimsical expression—a compound of naïveté and “pawkiness”—which was a very good physiognomical index to Blackie's character.

John Stuart Blackie may be said, indeed, to have died of his own youthfulness. For when a man of eighty-five taxes his strength by an arduous lecturing tour (in which he included his old city of Aberdeen) in the bitter and changeful climate of a Scottish spring, he runs great risks, and this unseasonable effort finally broke down a constitution which had never before suffered from illness. After a few months of unaccustomed invalidism, a slight chill completed the fatal work. The active mind was busy and clear to the last. Within a week of his death, we hear, he dictated an article on Erasmus. He saw the mists of death approach before they closed around him, for on the afternoon before his departure he took solemn and loving farewell of his wife and adopted son. He died in his beautiful Edinburgh home on March 2.

When one realises the great blessing of carrying such “a young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks,” one feels that it is worth studying the traits of character and the lines of life which, accompanying this sweet boon, may have had their share in winning it, and at least allowed of its existence beside them.

Blackie loved Nature for her own sake and her Maker's in a spirit quite unlike that of Carlyle when, yoking her to the sad pettiness of human tragedy and experience, he looked at the starlit heavens and sighed, “Eh, mon, yon's a sad sicht!” Blackie could sing—

“Bright world, brave world,
Let cavillers blame thee,
I bless thee and bend
To the God who did frame thee.”

Though his own gift of poetry may be but comparatively slight, yet with a poet's eye he saw all things “in the light which never was on earth or sea.”

He was himself quite aware of the blessing which this faculty bestows on its possessor, for when, in 1886, he dedicated a little volume, “Gleanings of Song from a Happy Life,” to the students of the Scottish Universities, he inscribed it thus:

“May you learn from these verses what they are mainly meant to inspire—that reverential communion with nature, the living poetry of God, and that unswerving loyalty to the heroic traditions, the sacred shrine of the heart-stirring melodies of our Scottish Fatherland, which are of more value than much Latin and more Greek, and supply the purest atmosphere in which a happy existence and a fruitful activity here below have been achieved.”

John Ruskin has told us that the two points of practical wisdom in the enjoyment of Nature are—“first, to be content with as little novelty as possible

at a time; and, secondly, to preserve as much as possible in the world the sources of novelty”; urging also that travelling becomes dull in proportion to its rapidity, and that a quiet walk along not more than ten or twelve miles a day is the most amusing of all travelling. Blackie was also evidently of this opinion, for we find him writing:

“I made a vow that I would visit some new district of my own country every year: and this vow I have conscientiously kept, once or twice, indeed, from the stress of circumstances, in the meagre way of visiting a different corner of the same district, but compensating amply for this defect by going to many of the more attractive parts of the country twice or thrice, or even a whole dozen times. . . and as my way of travelling has generally been either wholly pedestrian, or largely mixed up with that most natural, most profitable, most poetical and most salubrious of all methods of locomotion, it has happened that the features of many of our most beautiful Highland districts, under their most beautiful aspects, with all the best emotions which a familiarity with them can create, and all the patriotic associations with which they are entwined, have become part of my life and of the atmosphere which I breathe.”

Blackie had the happy power of abstracting himself from the present and the visible, and of revelling in remembered or ideal brightness and beauty. In the grey Edinburgh streets, when the dull vapours shut out the view of the mountain and the Forth, one could still see by his rapt eye that “his heart was in the Highlands,” or on the sunny hills of Greece.

Yet with all his natural affinity for youth and happiness, he had a chivalrous yearning towards lost causes and (as we have seen by the matter of the Celtic chair) decaying tongues and nationalities. Possibly the deepest note of his nature was struck in his sympathy with Highland peasant wrongs, and Highland peasant expatriation. On these matters he spoke with no uncertain sound. He might be little in sympathy with democratic ideals, but he approached the same aims from their other side, holding that—

“The first duty of a landed aristocracy . . . is to protect and cherish the local population, the stout and healthy peasantry who are the Seminary of the State. Whoever neglects this duty, and holds land for the mere purpose of collecting as much rent as possible, is a bad landlord and a worthless citizen. . . According to the law of all sound social organisation the peasantry of a country has a special right to demand a kindly protection from Government and a paternal treatment from the landholder.”

In the same spirit he claimed that the Scottish national character was a noble inheritance which Scotchmen should study to preserve. He resented the Anglicising influences at work in Scottish education, and maintained the duty of Scotchmen to beware of becoming a mere province of England—“playing flunkey to John Bull” were, I believe, the graphic words in which he described the danger.

Blackie enjoyed a singularly restful home life, and, little as one might imagine it, he was regular and methodical in his habits. Always an early riser, during his later years he habitually worked all the morning, then took two hours for walking, dining, and gave an hour to that “after-dinner nap” which is said to be so invaluable for brain-workers. After nine o'clock, work and study were taboo; and he generally resorted to a quiet game of backgammon, always retiring to rest before midnight.

He liked to waken smiles around him. His favourite motto was St. Paul's injunction, "Speak the truth in love." He said of it: "If adopted, it will turn Earth into Heaven; it will revolutionise society in the twinkling of an eye." And he "invariably pointed out that the Greek verb meant acting as well as speaking." Though, like all warm and impulsive natures, he would sometimes speak sharply or fiercely when wounded or indignant, yet he was always delighted to find himself in the wrong, and then he was generous to lavishness in his amends.

He maintained keen and active interests in every matter on lines which he understood and cared for. When he was a man of eighty years of age, he counted it no trouble to write a letter of praise and good counsel to a lad (Lewis Morrison Grant) who had published a poem which pleased him. The "good counsel" is not exactly what everybody might have expected from Blackie, for he expressly warned the youth that "genius without sense is only a brilliant blunder."

In this same connection, it is singular that one who spent an hour or two in his society fifteen years ago finds that, of all his brilliant talk, the one phrase which cleaves to the memory is, "A sober dove is worth more than an intoxicated eagle"—the last word pronounced as the French "aigle."

It was all very well for grim Thomas Carlyle to dismiss Blackie with the judgment that "he was all sail, and no ballast." Possibly he had a full share,

but a fuller share of sail, and other vessels with little sail may have less ballast. Blackie's own recipe for happiness was one at which the sage of Chelsea would, perhaps, have "ginned" characteristically. For Blackie said to his students, "If you wish to be happy, there are only three things that can secure you of your aim—the love of God, the love of truth, and the love of your fellow-men."

Doubtless, he would have had much to say in "apology" for his own eccentricities as the honest and wholesome outcome of his individual nature. And without in the least countenancing rash or exaggerated impulse of any kind (from which Blackie cannot be altogether exonerated), one cannot help, in face of his perennial youthfulness, asking whether there may not be artificial spiritual and social repressions which are as trying to the whole being as is tight lacing to the physical organisation, and which may lead in the same direction of premature decrepitude and decay. A due consideration and cultivation of the other attributes we see in John Stuart Blackie may serve to help some to the enjoyment of a share of the youthful glee and aplomb with which—quite apart from any merely freakish developments—he lived out all his days, and was assuredly

"Well loved by all his countrymen,

Best loved by those who know him best."

L. F. M.

* * The autograph below is from a characteristic poem on "Death." The Professor asks the question, "Who shall deliver from death?" and ends with this answer—

For the brings summer sun - hutes
 And leaves forth the dry old tree
 For the from Chaos redeemed
 No man of fair things the we see
 Trust in Him, for he knows
 Not not, nor ask for a sign
 But live true hearted to Him
 While to live and to work may be thine .

John Stuart Blackie

RAMBLES IN JAPAN.

BY H. E. TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., CANON OF DURHAM.

V.



LAKE OF CHUSENJI.

THE wonderful temples and collection of Japanese art are not the only attractions of Nikko. For anyone sound in wind and limb it is an admirable centre for excursions. In every direction we found long and lovely walks up the valleys, with mountains towering above, their summits still covered with snow, and their lower slopes painted with the pink and crimson bloom of trees of various kinds, some of them unknown to me. Turning round in our scrambles we looked down on mountain streams dashing over the boulders, while the ground of the open forest was covered with the bright-red flowers of the creeping *Pyrus japonica*, varied by the sombre clusters of dog violet. We could scarcely go a mile without coming across waterfalls, any one of which would have made the fortune of a German or Swiss pleasure resort.

A very interesting but not long expedition is that to Kamman-ga-fuchi, by a path up the river-side. Half an hour from Nikko by the roadside, just fronting the river, was the most exquisite little miniature park and

house with a little shrine, all in perfect order; in every respect a typical Japanese gem. Attached to it was a tea-house, the landlady of which showed us about, presented us with bouquets of flowers, and, seeing I was interested in her horticulture, with true national courtesy took me round, giving me the Japanese names of the various shrubs. This was all done without any expectation of a *douceur*, which when offered was waved back with the expression "Do itashimashite?" or "What have I done?" though eventually accepted.

The path follows along for some distance the winding course of the stream, till we arrived at Kamman-ga-fuchi, where, ranged on the other side of the river, are a long row of images of Buddha, about a hundred in number. Nothing is known authentically of their origin or meaning, but we were told that it is impossible to count them accurately, and that however often the feat is attempted the conclusion is always different. This superstition is not peculiar to Japan, for the same thing is said of various circles of Druidical stones in England.

Although without a history, a visit to these Buddhas, and the lovely, if not grand, scenery, amply repays the walk. Not the least interesting to me was the introduction it afforded me to many of the native birds for the first time. The Japanese ornithology is peculiarly interesting to a British naturalist from its close resemblance to, as well as its marked difference from, our British fauna. The most conspicuous and attractive bird in this walk was the Japanese pied wagtail (very much larger, and with the black and white in its plumage more strikingly contrasted than in our own), which continually flitted across our path, or ran in the road in front of us. The trees and shrubs were ceaselessly visited by little flocks of various kinds of titmice, some identical with, and others very close to, our own. Family parties of the schoolboy's favourite, the long-tailed or bottle tit, were seldom absent from view. The representative of the great tit, with exactly the same note as our own, the marsh and the cole were everywhere in evidence; and the conspicuous chestnut, black, and white titmouse (*Parus varius*) peculiar to Japan, and its favourite cage bird, was most abundant of all.

Leaving what I call the glen of the Buddhas, we mounted the hill by a not too steep ascent and visited various cascades, whose quaint Japanese names I need not inflict upon my readers, but which may be translated, one as the "vermicelli cascade," another as the "mist falling," a very appropriate name; and another as the "pillow cascade," why so named I know not. All these have a fall of from fifty to sixty feet, and at the time of our visit were unusually fine owing to the melted snow. We were rather too early for the botany, but there were already many interesting ferns unfolding their fronds, several of which, especially an aspidium, were entirely new to me. But in every department of natural history, the birds, the butterflies, the fishes, the botany, the same difficulty arises. Everything bears a strong resemblance to the fauna and flora of Europe, and yet almost always there is a difference, less so perhaps in the birds than in anything else. That laughing, screaming jay among those maples overhead, you would say, was undoubtedly our own jay to the minutest particular, and yet if you were to handle him, he is different, but only by a black streak from his beak to his eye, where our jay is chestnut. And so the bullfinch, identical at first sight with our bird fancier's darling and gardener's abomination, voice, flight, nest, and eggs undistinguishable; but we shall always find the native of Japan with a ruddy tinge on the back, and less decisive red on the breast, yet bullfinch all the world over. And so with the butterflies. Though the characteristic forms of Japan often rival the Indian in splendour, and infinitely surpass our own in variety, these do not appear till the summer is further advanced; but our ramble was enlivened by the hovering of familiar acquaintances, especially the common cabbage white and pale clouded yellow. These two species are identical with our own. Along with these, but in sparser numbers, were representatives of our early spring friends, an orange tip and a brimstone.

Chusenji.

Our next expedition was very much longer, and was one of the most charming rambles which we enjoyed in the whole country. It was to the lake of Chusenji. We had to make an early start, for it is a five hours' walk and a steady ascent nearly the whole way, through wild scrub and forest, the whole of which is an imperial preserve where nature has full sway; though I fear that in Japan, as in England, the genus poacher exists in spite of royal and imperial edicts. As we left the road which for a mile or two we had traversed yesterday, and entered a pathway up the hillside, a large notice slab attracted our attention, warning the visitor that the killing or snaring of living things in any manner was forbidden by imperial command. I am afraid it does not speak well for the reputation of our countrymen that half way up, at the tea-house where travellers halt, we found a similar notice in English as well as in the vernacular.

Our path lay by the edge of a deep gorge, with a swollen stream dashing far beneath, and for the first four miles cultivated ground intermingled with coppice. The front seemed to be barred by a snow-capped volcanic mountain range with many jagged peaks, the highest of which, Nantaizan, is laid down as 8,300 feet. Men were fishing in the most tempting-looking trout pools, and rapidly filling their creels from the milky turbid water with a kind of trout, with crimson bellies and silver spots. These sportsmen were courteous and friendly, and proud to exhibit their tackle, which was really very clever. Their rods were simple bamboo stems. They had a good assortment of flies in little boxes, among them salmon flies, made of what seemed to me golden pheasant feathers. They told me they used these in the lake above, though the river seemed an arduous one for the most agile of salmon to attempt. I was told that there is abundance of salmon in the lake, but this was not the season for them. The streams are well stocked with smaller fry of various species, which I will not attempt to name. We soon began to climb the steep mountain-side by a rough path, occasionally cut for a long distance out of the cliff, high above the stream. We were in a forest of cryptomeria, pine, fir (*Abies tsuga*), maple, alder, oak, birch, and larch, not yet in leaf.

The gigantic cryptomerias were a grand sight, and occasionally a tall fir towered above all the surrounding hard-wood trees. But with few exceptions, the deciduous trees and ferns were only just budding. I here saw the Japanese robin and hedge-sparrow for the first time, both very like our own, and exactly resembling them in note and habits, though in Japan they are both exclusively mountain birds, said never to be found lower than 4,000 feet, and consequently are the rarest of Japanese birds in collections. One large tree, not in leaf but covered with sheets of large rosy blossoms of an open trumpet shape, monopetalous, called by our men the *yasu*, we could not make out. It only grows at a considerable altitude, and, in fact, generally the unmelted snow carpeted the ground where it was in flower. Here it was so abundant as to make up for the want of foliage in the other trees, and contrasted beautifully with the

dark firs and cryptomerias. There were plenty of species of thuyas and other smaller trees strange to me. One of the most striking features of this forest were the festoons of a long trailing moss (*Lycopodium Sieboldi*), which with its tendrils forms fleecy pendants from each bough, and at the distance these have the effect of a silvery mist enveloping the tree.

Some fine cascades varied the scene, and here and there a *châlet*-like tea-house was perched on the edge of a bluff commanding some fine view of a waterfall or ravine. We halted at more than one of them, and enjoyed green tea at half a farthing a cup, with a morsel of green bean cake and a sugar-plum thrown in. The situation of these tea-houses is another instance of the inborn love of natural beauty so characteristic of the people. On a moist bank behind one of these tea-houses I found large clumps of *Primula japonica*, and it was interesting to note that the colours were as varied in the wild as in the cultivated specimens in our gardens, though possibly these may have been stragglers from cultivation.

The road or track had been washed away in many places by recent floods, and we often had to pass and repass the stream by what seemed perilously slender bamboo and straw foot-bridges, which, as they had no hand-rails, demanded all one's nerve to make a safe passage, the bridge being simply three or four very long bamboos thrown across the gully, and wisps of rice straw plaited between them. But we soon found that they were not difficult to use, so long as only one passenger at a time attempts the feat, the straw wisps affording a foothold that, at least, does not slip. Perhaps they are not more permanent than the plaited straw sandals, or *waraji*, which strew the paths everywhere, and which can be bought for a penny a pair at every wayside shop and tea-house, and which last but a few days and are then flung aside, the wearer being equally at home with or without his sandals. Towards the end of a long day I often felt sorely tempted to discard my heavy European shoes and, slitting the end of my stocking, to adopt the light and airy *waraji*, which is only fastened by a couple of wisps passing between the great and other toes, and then round the ankle.

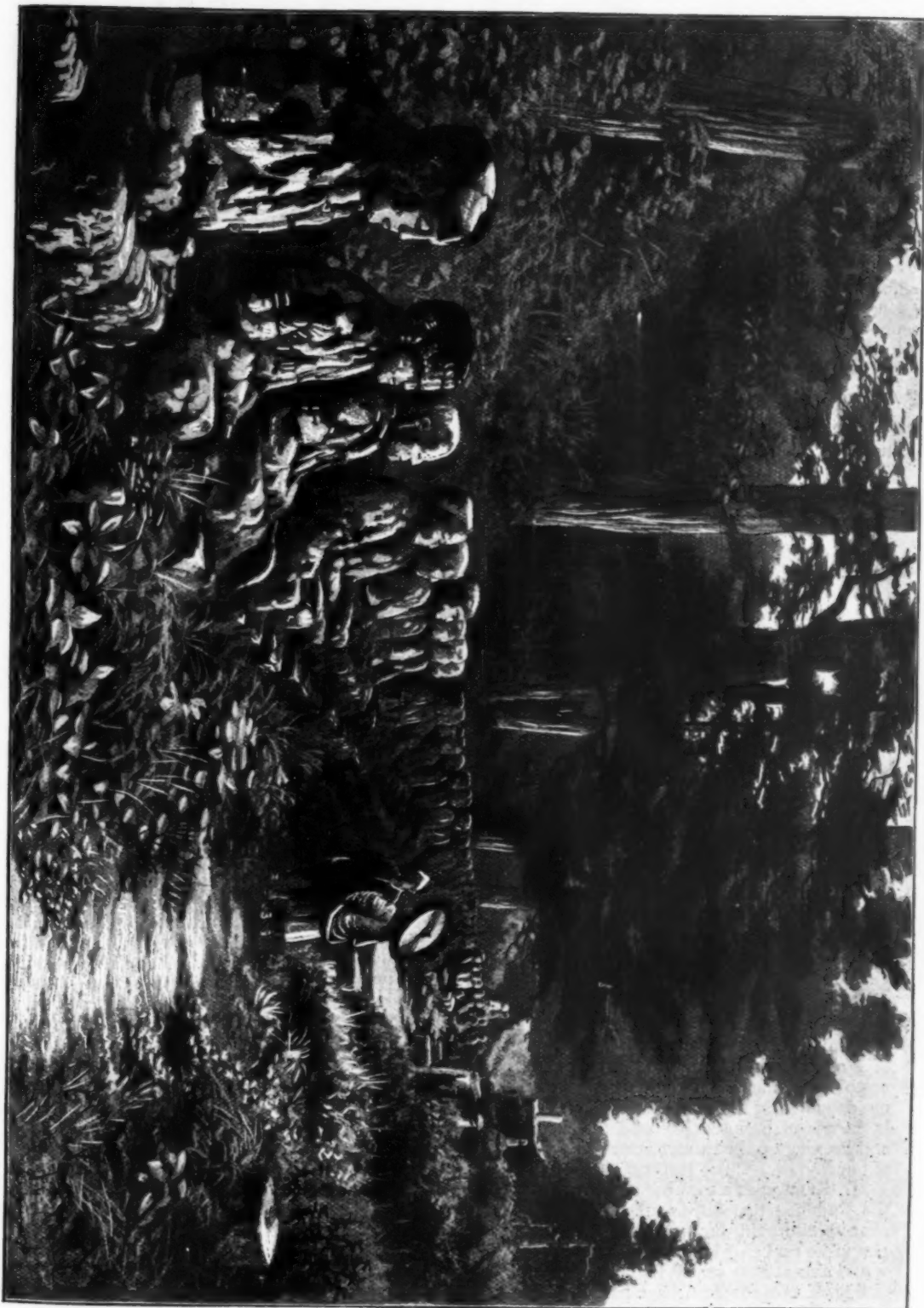
A less steep but far more circuitous road to the sacred lake was being constructed, and several times intersected our path. It was evidently engineered with great skill, for this is a science to which the Japanese have applied themselves with great energy and success. The horses employed in the cuttings for drawing the trolleys were all shod, not with iron shoes, but with straw sandals like their masters, fastened on like the leather slippers which our horses wear in drawing lawn-mowers. This was not the only new road in course of construction, for the whole neighbourhood of Nikko was as full of road repairing as though a new County Council had just come into office. On inquiring why so much was being done to the roads, we were informed that as the honourable visit of the great Czarovitch of Russia was looked for in a few weeks, they wished to have all the roads in the best possible condition, and a considerable sum was being spent on them. Owing,

however, to the untoward event to be mentioned later on in our rambles, the imperial visit to Nikko was never accomplished.

At length we arrive at the lake of Chusenji, a great mountain tarn, in a wide mountain amphitheatre, the steep slopes of which are thickly wooded everywhere to the water's edge. It is about eight miles long and not quite three wide, about 4,500 feet above the sea. The road suddenly opens upon one end of the lake, affording a view along its whole length. We proceed through a long wooden village, with a monotonous row of sheds or huts on one side, all shut up, the lodgings of the pilgrims who crowd to this holy place in summer. The Shinto temple is said to have been founded by Shodo Shonin a thousand and eighty years ago, and the grounds are looked upon as sacred, and can only be entered on foot. The side of the village nearest the lake before one reaches the temple is lined with shops and tea-houses, provided with charming balconies overhanging the lake, and with a lovely view of the mountains; and beneath boats lie idly moored, irresistibly inviting us to an excursion.

Here we were treated in real country fashion. Our guest-chamber on the first floor was one with the verandah overhanging the calm blue waters, and on the matting we sat. Brightly clad damsels carried tiny square lacquer tables, about six inches high, which they set before us, but considerably supplied us with *futon* (wadded quilts rolled up) on which to lean; a delicate consideration for our Western uncouthness. One little table was set before each guest, on which were little saucers of exquisite mountain trout, seaweed soup, and—the one delicacy which we never could be brought to endure—daikon, a sort of decayed radish. These delicacies, however, we supplemented by substantial brought from the valley below. After a rest of two or three hours we investigated the sights of the place, and returned by a slightly different route, which enabled us to see another fine cascade, 350 feet. It was dark long before we had reached our delicious little inn, thoroughly tired and as thoroughly happy. We found our arrival awaited by a circle of vendors of curios, lacquer-ware, bronzes, photos, and bird-skins, for our fame had evidently spread, visitors being very rare at this time of year. But not even the bird-skins could keep us awake, and we promptly retired to our well-earned rest.

During the night we were occasionally roused by the sound as of the swish of a dozen shower-baths combined, but our little wooden doll-house, thin as were its boards, turned the rain well. So deep were the eaves that in the morning we found even the verandahs dry, though the rain ceased not the whole day. It was the first wet day I had had in Japan, and I only had one more during my visit, and it also was on a Sunday. To take a walk was out of the question, but our friends from the foreign hotel joined us for morning service, as well as a young native, a friend of our landlord's, and, so far as we knew, the only Christian in Nikko. He was an intelligent young man who often came in to offer his services as interpreter if required, or to tell us the traditions of the place. He had been five years in California, where he had joined the



STONE BUDDHAS NEAR NIKKO.

About 100 of them.

The tradition runs that no one can count them correctly; that however many times they are counted the result is always different.

Christian Church and been baptized. He had settled here as a teacher of English. That a young man of superior position can find it worth while to establish himself in a small out-of-the-way country town as a teacher of English, shows the rapidity with which the study of our language is advancing.

In fact, as I shall have occasion to mention later, the only foreign languages that seem to have any attraction for this people are English and Chinese. The latter most naturally, as it is the vehicle through which they have received all their religious and moral teaching, for the aboriginal religion of Shintoism has no literature, and the Buddhist classics which are studied are in the Chinese language; while their whole moral teaching is based upon Confucianism, all the treatises on which are in the same tongue. It should be understood that in Japanese literature the characters used are Chinese, the inflections and particles being added in the Japanese syllabary, or *kana*, as it is called. The Chinese being an uninflected language, and structurally utterly distinct from Japanese, the latter have adopted the Chinese sign for the root-word, to which they affix *kana* or syllabic signs as may be required. Moreover, before the opening of the country to foreigners they had some external and diplomatic dealings with China, which rendered the language a useful accomplishment both to the statesman and the merchant. All these facts have led to the incorporation of many Chinese words in the learned language, though their pronunciation would be unintelligible to a Chinaman. With the opening of the country to trade, to foreign inventions, and to modern science, has arisen the necessity for a limitless addition of scientific terms to the language. To meet this want the Japanese have never adopted English words, but have gone to Chinese, exactly as we do to Greek for terms relating to steam, electricity, navigation, and the like.

Our visitor evidently enjoyed the service, though perhaps a somewhat lukewarm Christian. Yet how, as he remarked, could his faith do otherwise than "get thin," according to the Japanese idiom, when alone, without one fellow-believer to sympathise with him in this very centre of Japanese Buddhism!

In the afternoon the clouds still continued their ceaseless downpour, and my daughter succeeded in gathering in our parlour, out of which the table and two chairs were cleared, a little company of the young Christian, the wife, family, and servants of Mr. Kanaya, our landlord, and several of the neighbours. They all sat round the room on the mats, my daughter, in the centre, reading and explaining by means of Scripture pictures the Gospel story, and keeping up their eager attention for a couple of hours.

Mr. Kanaya, as a member of the choir of one of the Buddhist temples, supplied me with a set of altar furniture in bronze which had become his perquisite on being replaced by a newer set. They would almost have served for a Romish altar, consisting of two candlesticks, a pair of flower-vases, a paten for rice, a small incense censer, and a little acolyte's bell. In addition, I obtained a set of Buddhist priest's robes, the cassock being light

green, the alb represented by a pale drab vest, whilst an embroidered tippet would admirably do duty for a chasuble, and a green stole embroidered in gold completed the outfit. 'There is nothing new under the sun'!

We spent another day in visiting other groups of temples, to describe which would be in the main a repetition of the former account, and afterwards walked up a magnificent avenue of cryptomerias shading a finely paved road. Many of the trees are seven feet in diameter, but their height is greater in proportion. We measured one of them by the simple method which I have often employed in calculating the height of ruins; that is, by using a long stick and comparing the length of its shadow with that of the tree, then calculating by proportion the height of the tree from the length of the stick. We found its height to be 160 feet. These trees are said to be the tallest in the world next to the sequoias of California. In the wood a number of very curious plants rewarded our research, especially a sort of giant Herb Paris, with three leaves instead of four—the badge of the Tokugawa Shogun family. But as it was only just in leaf, I had no means of ascertaining its botanical character. Every now and then at the side of the path was a little niche scooped out in the rock, in which was placed a miniature little Buddha, very delicately carved in wood, some of them not more than six inches high, and the remains of a few tapers in front, recalling the little wayside shrines of Italy or Spain. I was sorely tempted to pocket one of these interesting relics, but did not feel myself justified in acting the iconoclast, though I argued that it might be a very efficient way of suppressing Buddhism.

Nanataki. Another charming little expedition was to the cascade of Nanataki. The

walk afforded every variety of native scenery—dashing mountain torrents, rickety bamboo bridges, pine woods, picturesque tea-houses, and fairy little gardens with their lakes and bridges, the former full of goldfish. Wherever a little rock or edge of a bluff offered a site with an attractive landscape, there was sure to be perched a tea-house. In a wood was a sequestered cemetery, where the ashes of those cremated are deposited under tiny obelisks. There was one new handsome one with a long inscription, all picked out in red, and a toy shrine in front of it with bright flowers planted around. The red paint signifies that the hero of the monument is still living, for those who can afford it like to put them up and inscribe their epitaphs in their lifetime. At length we reached a tea-house on the top of a hill, and from it looked down into the next valley with a fine waterfall, perhaps 200 feet high. I was content with the distant prospect, though the proper proceeding would have been to scramble down the steep side of the mountain, and then, despising the drenching from the spray, to get between the water and the cliff. As a naturalist my time was not wasted, for, whether it were yesterday's rain or this morning's bright sun, one or other had evoked a number of butterflies, who emerged for the first time from their chrysalises.

On our return we had, as usual, a levy of curio-mongers, and certainly our fastidiousness on former evenings had induced them to bring some really good bits of old bronze, etc. But most satisfactory to me was the return of a man and boy who had brought a few bird-skins the first evening, and who had been evidently surprised by my taking the whole consignment. I had told the bearer to bring some more. On this occasion the collector himself appeared with his lad with between two and three hundred skins, very neatly made, all labelled and ticketed with Japanese name, place, and date. Recognising some of the labels as being of a type familiar to me at home, I inquired what he usually did with his birds. He explained that he had been for several years employed by an Englishman, who was now dead, to whom he used to send all he collected. I soon ascertained that he had been employed by the late Mr. H. Pryer, through whom I had obtained many specimens. Unfortunately the locality usually given had been Yokohama, whereas all these birds were collected in the forests round Nikko, and at a height of from three to eight thousand feet above the sea. No wonder that English writers have gone astray as to the localities of the birds of Japan. It was pretty much as if the dotterels and ring-ousels of Cross Fell should be labelled "Obtained at Liverpool." I found both him and his lad most intelligent and delightful enthusiasts. Along with the bird-skins were specimens of no less than five species of squirrel. The lad explained to me in word and pantomime the homes and habits of each species. Amongst them were two or three skins of a very large species, which he stated to me was found in summer only in the pine-forests near the mountain top; but in winter during heavy snowstorms he declared that, unlike any other kind, these creatures came down to the villages (we are speaking, of course, of villages of higher altitude than Nikko), and when they saw at night a light through the walls of a cottage, would break a hole through the paper, and, entering without ceremony, put out the candle and eat it. I give this story for what it is worth; but it certainly was not only vouched for by the lad and his employer, but attested by all the by-sitters. His collection comprised more than a hundred species of birds, but he had seldom brought more than a pair of each, all carefully sexed. I took them up one by one, and at once the note was imitated, and often the action of the bird, as in the case of the woodpeckers, with inimitable pantomime. Whether it were the jerking of the black water-ousel or dipper, the skimming of the swallow, the dash of the swift, the chatter of the jay, or the sudden whistle of the bush-warbler as it darts up a reed, each one was perfectly represented as I leisurely took up one after another from the

pile, and asked, "What is the name of this? What does it do?"

I found that my visitor had lately received an order from a dealer at Yokohama to supply a complete set of birds for an English collector, for whom these were intended. I offered him, however, a reasonable price for the whole, which he willingly accepted, though he told me—what I quite believe—that he charged his Yokohama customer three times the price. I suspect that very few of these birds were shot; in fact, the collector told me that he captured the smaller species with birdlime, and the larger, including the pheasants, with hair-springes. One characteristic bird was conspicuous by its absence. There were no cranes in the collection. Although five species are known as belonging to Japan, and three of them, the white-naped, white-headed, and especially the sacred crane, are frequently semi-domesticated in parks, public and private, and are familiar as continually recurring in Japanese art, yet I fear their fate in Japan in the near future is that of their congeners in England—extinction. I only once in the course of my rambles saw a flock of wild cranes—at least near enough to identify them—and this was in the Inland Sea, where a V-shaped party of the white-naped crane passed overhead. My friend, however, did not admit their extinction, but assured me he was far too loyal a subject of the Mikado, and reverencer of the gods, to commit the crime of molesting this sacred bird.

It must have been midnight before our ornithological *séance* came to an end—perhaps the most instructive natural-history lecture that I ever enjoyed. But all things come to an end, even a visit to Nikko, though we were loth to tear ourselves away from this fascinating spot and its surroundings. The final reckoning with our host was to me a most amusing illustration of the national courtesies. Mr. Kanaya acted as though the production of his bill were the most painful effort, and at length reluctantly he brought it forth, consisting of a number of Chinese scrawls on strips of tissue-paper. On bended knees and forehead touching the mat did my friend push it forward; I, bowing as well as my stiff Western back would permit me, placed the proper sum, wrapped in thin white paper, before him, for nothing is more ill-bred than to hand coin without its being wrapped in paper. Again it was received with bowing, low, lower, lowest; but it is always the rule of politeness to pay something more than the bill—in fact, to pay an hotel bill net would be considered an insult, or at least a mark of great dissatisfaction. Therefore, wrapping a yen (dollar) in white paper, I added it with low bows. It was returned with lower, and finally pressed upon the host with still more profound inclinations, and was at length duly and gratefully received. The bright little waiting-maid received her yen with the same show of modest reluctance.

BOOKS IN PRISON.

FROM the hour when he passes into the cell which crime or misdemeanour has assigned him for a place of punishment, a certain solace of books is granted to the prisoner. The little deal shelf over his head contains a Bible, hymn book and prayer book, and some simple primer or "reader" which may be conned for learning or amusement. With ability to read, this is not such a hopeless beginning of a sentence of penal servitude. Many a shipwrecked sailor would count himself rich with such a store, many thousands of English homes have not as great a one, and many generations of English prisoners would have pronounced captivity almost sweet had they possessed only the first of the books on that deal shelf.

How long does it take to read the Bible through? I should fancy there are scores, if not hundreds, of persons at this moment undergoing sentences of penal servitude who could answer the question at once, and amongst them, doubtless, not a few who had read "The Book" for the first time in prison! No book in the world can have given so large a measure of consolation to a certain number of the prison population, and all who can read must have had it in their hands, and taken something from it, since this is almost the sole book upon which, during the earliest stage of his confinement, the convict can bestow his leisure. It need be no impulse of devotion, no mood of penitence or remorse, that sends him to his Bible; it is enough that, for many weeks after his admission to prison, when his every hour is rigorously disciplined, and he is made to feel acutely the difference between his new life and the old one, between liberty and severe restraint, his mind, turned in upon itself, seeks other sustenance; and, the privileges of the library being as yet denied to him, he takes down the principal book upon his little shelf. It may do scarcely more than modify the tedium of his resting hours; but who knows? Not everyone who has come out of the durance of penal servitude returns to it, and it is not unreasonable to think that amongst the incentives to an honest life which the felon found in prison one or more were drawn from some noble passage in the Gospel or the Psalms, revealed first in the silence and loneliness of the cell. Many educated prisoners, making no special profession of religion, have described the Bible as the most inspiring companion of solitary confinement, and have testified to the delight with which they read and re-read it under those terrible conditions.

I spent an hour or two recently in the library of H.M. prison, Wormwood Scrubs, in the company of the Rev. A. W. Baldwin, the energetic and sympathetic Chaplain of that great penal establishment. The main portion of the prison I had visited before, but the chief warder, who was my

intelligent guide on that occasion, though he unlocked for me the doors of cells and led me through long and lofty wards, and into great kitchens and orderly and silent workshops, and interested me at every step, left my curiosity unsatisfied on the subject of the provision of books. It may be believed, however, that the library is a very important place, and in some sense the most interesting department of the prison. It is in the care and under the immediate management of the Chaplain, and proved very well worth a second journey across the desolate extent of the Scrubs.

With the business of the library is associated that of the educational department of the prison, over which also the Chaplain presides, assisted by a qualified and experienced schoolmaster, who has under him two warder-schoolmasters. It is during the first of the three principal stages of penal servitude (which stage lasts for nine months) that the most particular attention is paid to the mental, moral, and literary education of the convict. His mental and literary education especially have been subjects of grave consideration by successive governments of the past quarter of a century; and difficult subjects enough, the reader may be assured. Mere literary education, experience has shown, is not the panacea for crime which the reformers of the early nineteenth century—inspired in great measure by the philosophic Beccaria—fondly believed it to be; and it is obvious that the fruits of the best system that could be devised must be extremely slight in the cases of undeveloped adult prisoners confined for short periods, and not much more satisfactory in the cases of professional and habitual criminals, whose morals are apt to grow blunter as their wits grow sharper.

Still, in the hope of achieving something (and it is something to produce fairly good results in three cases out of ten), this branch of training is not neglected, and in all modern English prisons a well-developed system of elementary education is at work. Moral and industrial instruction are doubtless more potent influences for good—certainly in the treatment of young prisoners—and the industrial side of the "silent world" unquestionably needs greater attention than it at present receives; but it is well to know that letters, in a simple form, do not altogether languish.

It will be understood that a reasonable limit has to be assigned to the standard of instruction which the Chaplain and his staff are expected to impart, and that their efforts are principally devoted to those prisoners who were below that standard at the time of their reception, and who would, therefore, probably derive most profit from their assistance.

Young prisoners are taught every day in class, and when the first stage is passed they carry on their lesson work in their cells, rigid separation,

except during the hours of exercise and chapel, being a chief feature of the first period of penal servitude. But the privilege of coming under the schoolmaster's hands is not granted to the convict until he has undergone a short time of probation.

"Considering," says Sir Edmund Du Cane, "that prisoners should look upon education as a privilege, and convinced of the great advantage of preserving the specially penal character of the first month of the sentence, on account of the deterring effect on the criminal, and because it is the foundation of the progressive stage system by which such a large diminution of prison punishment has been effected, prisoners are not allowed the relaxation which the class or the visits of the schoolmasters afford until they have, by their industry and good conduct, gained promotion to the second stage, which they can do in one month."

This stage being attained, the young felons under sixteen "have one hour's instruction daily in class, excepting, of course, any who by statute or rule are not allowed to be mixed with others." All prisoners, other than juveniles, whose sentences exceed four months are on reception submitted to examination by the Chaplain, who divides them into three classes. In Class I. are placed those "who cannot read Standard I. of the National Society's reading-book." Class II. is for those who can read Standard I., but have not reached Standard III. In Class III. are included those who have reached Standard III.

It is curious, if painful, to observe prisoners of forty years old and upwards bending laboriously over copybooks and primers. Prisoners above forty do not, however, receive instruction except in special cases. The quite illiterate prisoner of middle age is, it is comforting to know, becoming a very rare bird. "Prisoners found to have no capacity for learning, or who are idle, are excluded from instruction, the latter, however, only temporarily; and prisoners previously convicted may, if found advisable, be excluded." Prisoners in Class III., if they need it, receive instruction in writing and arithmetic, and are allowed a slate and pencil in their cells in addition to books. Possession of a slate is greatly prized, and very curious are some of the writings committed to it by the prisoners in their leisure. Dr. Tennyson Patmore, the Chief Medical Officer of Wormwood Scrubs, is, I believe, making a collection of these literary efforts, both in prose and poetry, which should form in time a highly interesting contribution to criminal psychology.

The limits of instruction in the prison are: *reading*, as far as Standard III. inclusive; *writing*, as far as transcribing a portion of the book read, and reading what has been transcribed; *arithmetic*, as far as casting simple money accounts, and mental calculation of small money sums. All prisoners receiving instruction, adds Sir E. Du Cane, are tested by actual examination by the Chaplain or Assistant Chaplain on admission and prior to their discharge, the results of each examination being recorded by the Chaplain in his educational register.

Certain special encouragements and inducements are held out to prisoners to take the utmost advan-

tage of these teachings. Thus, except in the cases of those who are too old or too feeble in mind to learn, no prisoner is allowed a library book in his cell until he can read Standard II. with fluency; and, as a further stimulus, those prisoners in the second and third classes who are entitled by the rules to write an occasional letter home are, after a period of instruction, required to write for themselves, and are forbidden, except by very special favour, to have letters written for them. Prisoners admitted to the first class on reception into prison can very rarely have more than two letters written for them by the schoolmaster or his assistants. No convict can ever be promoted to the first class until he is able both to read and to write, and, slight as are the privileges accruing on promotion from one class to another, the dreadful monotony of prison life makes them objects of the liveliest competition.

This is sufficient to show that the convict, while he remains in her Majesty's keeping, has reason to devote himself to such accomplishments as are recognised and rewarded within the prison walls. Curious to know in what manner our English system compared with the continental systems, I addressed myself to Mr. William Tallack, founder and secretary of the Howard Association, who gives so generously of his extraordinary knowledge of the crime, criminals, and prisons of both hemispheres. Mr. Tallack was courteous enough to write me as follows:

"As to foreign prison libraries. In the United States the prisoners are generally allowed a free use of *newspapers* (as also, by the way, of tobacco!), which appear in most cases to be their chief reading. In British prisons, and wisely as I think, newspapers are never permitted.

"In at least two American prisons—Concord and Stillwater—journals are edited and printed within the prison walls. There was until recently another weekly journal printed and published in Elmira prison (New York); but it is now, temporarily at any rate, discontinued. The directors at Elmira furnish a list of what is termed by them a 'reformatory library' of the 'very best contemporary publications,' amongst which they specify the novels of Alexandre Dumas, Eugène Sue, 'Ouida,' Bulwer, and others.

"On the Continent considerable attention is given to the prison libraries in the Protestant countries, especially in Holland, Sweden, and Germany. Some of the German and Norsk chaplains have taken great interest in this matter. In France, and most of the Catholic countries, the subject receives less attention."

I should imagine that, in our own prisons, we have struck a balance between the systems of Europe and America. The singular experiment at Elmira, which will probably work itself out in a quite natural way within the next few years, has evoked small praise in America, and less elsewhere. The best intentioned friend of the criminal can look for little in the direction either of deterrence or reform from a scheme of "penal servitude" which is best described by Mr. Tallack as an attempt to combine the intellectual advantages of the university with the luxurious comforts of the hotel. Mr. Tallack's "Hotel and Collegiate Prison" is a phrase

which has provoked America ; but it is in effect the retort humorous which has already sealed the fate of Elmira.

It is perhaps not necessary to say that the "Reformatory Library" of Wormwood Scrubs does not include the works of Eugène Sue or "Ouida." It does not, by the way, call itself "reformatory" at all, but the taste and judgment upon which it has been organised have certainly merited for it that description ; while there is assuredly also as little in it of the element of priggishness as in any library that I have ever inspected. The British criminal has more reasons than one to be thankful for the change in the law which removed the prisons from the hands of certain local authorities to those of the Government, and amongst these reasons must be included the signal improvement which has been effected in the regulation prison library. Precisely what that library was like in the old or pre-reformation days I do not know, and no prison official who remembers it is disposed to say anything in its favour. There is not, as far as my small knowledge goes, any *laudator temporis acti* in respect of the prison library that was. If, on the other hand, the new library has not been largely praised, it is that its range and quality have been little known outside the circle of unfortunates to whose hours of repose it has administered a wholesome and cheerful solace.

No perfect library was ever yet amassed. The biggest that is known comes so far short of perfection that the purists amongst collectors, recognising the impossibility of exhausting the possible, have said—doubtless in despair—that the best library is that which contains the fewest books. Granted the gift of high connoisseurship, this dictum might pass. But the library is at all events a good one in which the reader may attain to a reasonable degree of knowledge on some three or four important subjects ; and, judged by a higher standard even than this, the Wormwood Scrubs library—which, be it remembered, is only one of many prison libraries of the modern type—has small and few defects. I was astonished at its character, its quality, and its extent.

There is a fair, but no more than a fair, leaven of devotional works, the Prison Commissioners having fully recognised that the hours of solitary confinement need a variety of literary entertainment. For the foreign element of the convict population it has not, of course, been possible to cater largely, but the collection of Bibles embraces all the chief languages of Europe.

In its general character the library—which contains at least two thousand volumes—much resembles that which one would expect to find in a high-class provincial literary institute. It is a far better collection, as regards both numbers and quality, than the average citizen of the middle classes possesses, and as new books are constantly added to the store it will in time be an exceedingly fine one. The principle on which the works are chosen is necessarily influenced by considerations as to the special circumstances of the readers, but the chaplain uses a very liberal discretion, and every reasonable taste is provided for. There are,

indeed, few notable departments of literature unrepresented to a greater or less extent on these well-stocked shelves. The Queen's Printers issue from time to time a "Catalogue of Books and Periodicals suitable for Prisoners' Libraries," one of which is before me ; its contents show how large and humane a choice the Commissioners allow their librarians. But the librarian is not bound to the lines of this catalogue ; within certain definite, but not too rigid, limits, he selects what books he pleases.

In the department of fiction I found Scott, Thackeray, and George Eliot—comely volumes in the bindings in which you or I might buy them—and a host of lesser lights, from Ballantyne to Jane Worboise. The adventure story, I noticed, was in good quantities, as also the literature of travel. Light and popular science was there in abundance, and very favourite works, Mr. Baldwin informed me, were the "Popular Educator" and the "Technical Educator." Gibbon, Milman, Macaulay, Kinglake, and Green were amongst the historians ; Emerson and John Stuart Mill amongst the philosophers. Biography ranged from the "Life of Napoleon" to the works of Smiles. Theology had as prominent a representative as Newman in his early sermons. Poetry began with Spenser and ended I know not with whom. Natural history was not neglected, and in the field of *belles lettres* the literary essay had several distinguished exponents, from Addison onwards. There was a volume on the philosophy of Shakespeare. Periodical literature—always in great demand amongst those prisoners who like a big miscellaneous volume to nibble at—included "Chambers's Journal" and the "Leisure Hour." Noting several volumes of the latter, I suggested that this article might one day find its way into somebody's cell, but the Chaplain bade me not flatter myself with that hope, inasmuch as nothing that relates to prison life is ever allowed to be placed in a prisoner's hands. Once upon a time the library was seriously fluttered by the discovery in a bound volume of a well-known magazine of a series of lively and detailed articles on famous prison-breakers, and the devices by which they had eluded their gaolers. The scissors were at once called for.

The educational books, pure and simple, primers, readers, and so forth, were many in number, and I questioned the Chaplain about them. He told me that a certain kind of educational book is continuously in demand amongst his convicts, not a few of whom find their best recreation in the diligent pursuit of some form of intellectual study. The learning of shorthand, for instance, is a rather favourite pastime ; and those prisoners who devote themselves to it seldom give up until they have attained a degree of proficiency in the reporter's art. Others take a fancy for languages, and one prisoner of some social celebrity was named to me who had acquired in prison a more or less grammatical acquaintance with four European tongues, not one of which had he any knowledge of at the date of his sentence. In the nine months of his sojourn at Wormwood Scrubs he had learned enough to translate and construe sentences in French, German, Spanish, and Italian.

Having said this, I need not add that the reference library is well supplied with dictionaries. One of these, fetched down for me from its shelf, was a "Welsh-English and English-Welsh Dictionary." I had never seen a "Welsh-English and English-Welsh Dictionary" before, and am curious to know in how many public and private libraries in the kingdom a copy is to be found.

One peculiar mark is borne by every volume in this library, which stamps it sadly as a "book for prisoners." This mark, a black circle with the broad arrow in the centre, is impressed on every available inch of space on every page of every book. Margins and the blank half-leaves between chapters carry this ugly sign. The reason was explained to me. It is, that no scrap of unprinted paper may be available to prisoners for the transmission of secret messages. The book which a prisoner is allowed to keep for a week in his cell he may not, during that week, exchange for the book of any fellow prisoner, but such exchanges are occasionally effected in chapel, on the exercise ground, or elsewhere; and a marginal allowance of infinitesimal extent on any page suffices for the writing of a letter or message in cypher.

To the question which this piece of information prompted, Mr. Baldwin replied that, considering the character of so large a proportion of the prisoners, the books were very well treated. No prisoner cares to be convicted of spoiling his book, for he is then at once deprived for a time of the privileges of the library, and this is a sore penalty. For I learned enough to assure myself that the library is the first and last boon of the convict. The book that it lends him is his one actual and only link with the world that has divorced and cast him off. With his Bible, or his story, or his page of easy science, or his chapter of travel or adventure, he carries himself back into the life

which his sentence lost him; or he creates for himself a new life which banishes every day, for an hour of romantic and incredible delight, the weary routine of the crank, the barrow, the pick-axe, or the loom.

For an hour I say; but the time limit of the prisoner for reading is much more generous than this. Taking his meals in his cell, he may read while he eats, as many or most of the prisoners do. Dinner itself would allow him the best part of an hour. Sunday might be given almost wholly to his book. On a week-day labour in the prison ceases at about half-past five in the evening, and lights are not turned down until eight. How many of us in the free world, including those to whom books are a profession, can abstract from every evening of the week a fair and secluded two hours and a half for the pleasure or business of reading? Here, however, is Number 2,001, unfortunately detained by her Majesty for a period of years, solidly bestowed by her in a model chamber, which is admittedly one of the healthiest in the kingdom. It is warmed to a nice temperature and decently lighted, and it is perfectly quiet. A respectable person in felt shoes, to deaden the sound of his footsteps, walks up and down outside, to prevent the smallest interruption or disturbance. Number 2,001 is for the time being absolutely his own master. The Queen has no further call upon his services for that day. He has supped, and is at ease. None of the common cares of life affect him; shelter and food will be his on the morrow and the days following, and no one will ever harass him with bills for these prime necessities of civilised existence. How shall he pass the time till the gentleman in the felt slippers commends him to sleep? Here's a friend on the bookshelf! come, let's have two hours' reading!

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE DUTCH SEA-PAINTER:

H. W. MESDAG.

DUTCH canvases glow now as if Rembrandt and Gerard Dow, the king of shadows and the king of lights, were still at work in their studios, and as if Franz Hals were still painting his inimitable portraits of burgomasters and arquebusiers.

Dutch artists have at all times been specialists, and those of the modern school are no exceptions to the rule. In looking at their work one soon learns to recognise the individual genius of each one. Israel's delights in Dutch interiors. A peasant girl in snowy cap and folded kerchief, dreaming sad dreams as she plies her busy knitting-needles, is a favourite subject with him. Louis Apol paints snow scenes, pure and cold. Mauv was celebrated for his sheep, while Mesdag loves the sea with its ever-varying colour and movement.

I had not been long in Holland before I learned to look out for the work of the sea-painter with special interest. Had I been staying at an inland place it might have been otherwise, but during a five weeks' holiday spent at Scheveningen, "*where the ocean leans against the land*," I found myself looking for Mesdag canvases in every boat that sailed or tossed on the boundless waters of the North Sea, both in sunshine and in storm, and again seeking for the blues and greys, the greens and silvers of sea and sky in each gallery of modern art.

In the great Rijks Museum at Amsterdam I had seen some wonderful pictures by Mesdag; one of them, dated 1887, showed such a golden sea and sky that it fairly gave out light; while looking at it, one seemed to hear an echo of Mendelssohn's glorious music to *Meeresstille*.

One evening I had been listening to the fine philharmonic orchestra in the Kursaal at Scheveningen. In the pauses of the concert one could hear the swish and swirl of the great waves rolling up on the beach, while a dark, clear, blue light which I have never seen anywhere else, except on a Mesdag canvas, shone through the open windows. I had been talking to the Director-General of the Kur-haus, who now called my attention to a tall burly gentleman who was trying to make his way through the crowd with an evident desire to enjoy the cool outer air.

"That is the great painter, Mesdag."

heavy clouds loomed prophetically. Beside it, a beautiful finished picture seemed to take one back to Scheveningen, to the beach and the early morning, when the fishing-boats come in, when the light is clear and crystalline, and Nature is in her blandest mood.

Another picture showed the sea at eventide. Low down across the horizon the sun had sunk to rest, and great banks of golden clouds were slowly following in its track. Everywhere the sea and the sky, and everywhere a different aspect of each.

The studio is typical of its owner. On the tops of two antique, handsomely carved cabinets there



THE PAINTER MESDAG IN HIS STUDIO.

"Our Mesdag." I exclaimed, having, with true British egotism, already appropriated as specially "our own," the artist in whom I had been so much interested.

An introduction was soon accomplished, and an invitation to visit the genial painter was gladly accepted. Next day, after a delightful walk through the long shady avenue of beautiful trees which unites Scheveningen with the Hague, I arrived at his home in the Laan van Meederfoort, a broad, handsome road on the outskirts of the town.

Mr. Mesdag was at work in his studio, but laid aside palette and brushes to welcome me. On the easel before him rested a large canvas, upon which the outlines of a stormy sea and great banks of

rests a perfect fleet of boats—large boats, little boats, smart new boats, and old battered boats. Only a few pictures are hung upon the walls, one of them being the portrait of Mr. Mesdag's father.

"Was he an artist?" I asked.

"No, he was a merchant, and I was also a merchant for fifteen years. I only began to paint at thirty-five."

"But you have painted a great deal since then?"

"Yes, I am always painting. You see my mottoes," and Mr. Mesdag pointed through the open doors into the drawing-room, where, over a high mantel-glass, framed in white and gold, I read the words *Kunst is Godsdienst* (Art is God's service),

while in the next room there is the companion motto, *Werken is Genot* (Work is Pleasure).

"Here is something that you must see," he added, drawing out the sliding doors which close off the studio. These doors are dark brown, with black mouldings, but they have eight panels, and on each panel a charming little picture is painted.

"When I built this house," Mr. Mesdag continued, "my friends came in and painted the doors for me."

These are not the only tokens of artistic friendship. In the adjoining room, from another door, one of Israel's peasantesses looks at you with her sad, wise eyes. In front of her stands the grand piano.

"You love music, too?" I asked.

"Yes, but I cannot play. But you can"—he smiled—"so you must play to me and I will make you a little sketch."

So good an exchange was not to be lost, and I seated myself before Israel's picture and played—sad, plaintive music, the music that was left to us by Chopin and by Wagner, who longed and longed for the unattainable with a longing that could never be satisfied.

It was quite still in the room—too still, perhaps, for somebody said with a sigh: "Play something frivolous!" Were it possible, I would have agreed, but Israel's picture had fascinated me for the moment, and the sad eyes said "No," while the motto over the mantel-piece said "Kunst is Godsdienst."

Meanwhile the little sketch was done—Scheveningen fishing-boats returning with their load.

But I had not seen half of Mr. Mesdag's treasures yet. In a separate wing of his house, which is a perfect mine of artistic wealth, there are eight rooms completely lined from floor to ceiling with pictures. The French School has a special attraction for him. Over the doors of his drawing-room he has printed in gold letters the names of the artists who formed the School of Barbizon, or, as it is sometimes called, the School of 1830.

	MILLET	
ROUSSEAU	COROT	COURBET
TROYON	DAUBIGNY	DE LA CROIX
DIAZ	DESCAMPS	DUPRÉ

Millet's home in the village of Barbizon, surrounded by the woods of Fontainebleau, was the favourite meeting-place of this brilliant circle of friends, and Mr. Mesdag's magnificent collection includes works by all of them. But he has not gone to France for all his treasures. The modern Dutch School is well represented, and he has some notable pictures from other countries.

I have only space to describe a few of those that most struck me. An immense canvas by Millet shows us "Hagar and Ishmael." There is an intense pathos in the burning, straining eyes and the parched lips of the mother, who has thrown her-

self in all the abandonment of anguish upon the hot, cruel sands, away from the apparently lifeless form of her boy, while the empty pitcher lying between them seems to mock her grief. And yet nothing is idealised. The coarse, thick lips, the lank, matted hair, and the copper-coloured skin would be repulsive were it not for "the one touch of Nature" which "makes the whole world kin."

Another picture is Israel's "Alone in the World." A woman lies dead on a poor bed in a poor room, and her old man sits beside her, facing the sad years which stretch out hopelessly before him.

A smaller canvas is by the Hungarian, *Munkacsy*, and I learnt that it was a study for his picture, "The Day before Execution." This face might have belonged to one of the world's heroes. The eyes are clear, the nose is straight, the lips are firm. What twist in his line of life brought him to this last day?

Almost facing the criminal is a harmless-looking picture of apples. Very red apples they are, and assuredly not so smooth as the one that tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. And these, in truth, are no apples of Paradise, but were painted in the prison of *St. Pelagie* by the Barbizonian *Courbet*, who during the wars of the Commune was put in there by men who bade him mind his own business, and, for the better carrying out of their decree, supplied him with these not very tempting models.

A specially interesting picture by Mr. Mesdag himself shows the return of a frost-bound boat through great blocks of ice, which have swept up from the mouth of the Maas during the bitterly cold winter of 1891.

Some landscapes are signed "Taco Mesdag," and this, I learnt, is the artist's brother; while some excellent portraits, notably one of Mr. Mesdag, signed "S. M. v. H.," are by his wife.

"A whole family of artists!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, and there is another of us, whom of course you know—my nephew, Alma-Tadema."

As he spoke, we stood in front of a small canvas representing an unmistakable marble fountain and two figures on a stone bench, which somehow suggest "Eine Frage."

"That might be one of his," I said, pointing to it.

"I see you know us well—that is his," replied Mr. Mesdag, with a pleased smile.

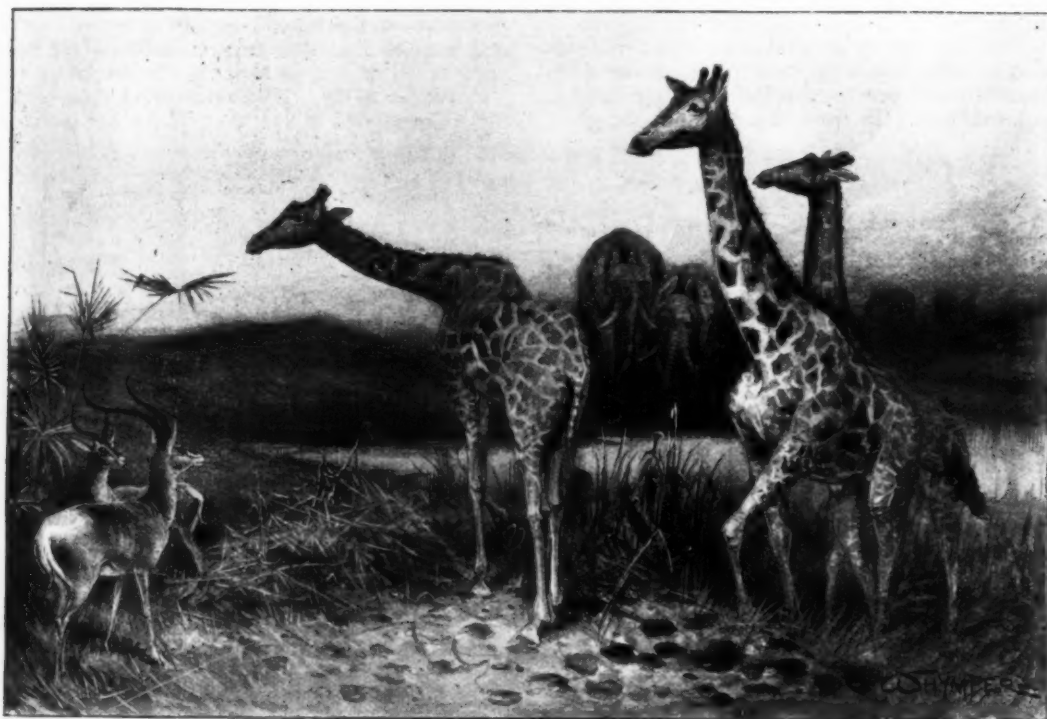
But, as I have said, it would be impossible to describe the marvellous collection, not only of pictures, though these number two hundred, but also of exquisite pottery, wonderful Gobelin tapestries, old carved chairs, tables, cabinets, and looking-glasses, enough to stock a museum.

"Yes," said my host, as I bade him good-bye. "It takes a lifetime to collect them, and when it is done one lays one's head down and it is over."

This pleasant visit was followed by many others, during which I made the acquaintance of Madame Mesdag and her work.

ELEANORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

THE GIRAFFE.



THE GIRAFFE AT HOME.

CRUDE and conventional though the drawing of the old Egyptian artists was, it was still marvellously accurate in catching the character of whatever subject it tackled. It was so in the human figure—their men, their women, their kings and queens, priests and slaves—and in all representations of birds, and beasts, and fishes. The only exception that one can see, as Sir Gardner Wilkinson long ago pointed out, is in their faulty drawing of plant life. As he says, "one cannot but feel surprised, when one notes the accuracy with which all their animals are drawn, that they should have had so imperfect a knowledge of the art of representing the trees and flowers of their own country, for, if we except the lotus, palm and dom, we can scarcely ever identify any of their plants."

But with their animals, with which we are more immediately concerned, one can only admire and marvel that with such simple means they could get such life-like portraits. In one of the so-called tombs of the kings at Thebes we were arrested by a picture of black chiefs bringing presents, offerings to some great Egyptian monarch—ivory, gold rings, magnificent cattle, gazelles and giraffes, and

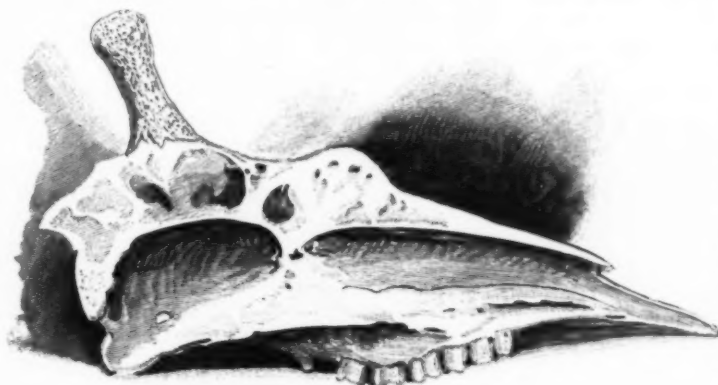
other kinds of desert animals from the heart of Africa. We remember well the feeling of wonder as we looked at these old-time pictures (certainly three to four thousand years old); for nothing could have been more masterly than the way in which all the peculiar characteristics were shown; and the striking feature to us was in the carefully drawn horns of the creature.

Now, three or four thousand years is, even with most modern views of time and of the computation of time as necessary to show any change in the features of any specialised form of animal life, a really respectable period. Yet we see no change of any sort from the giraffes of those days to those of our own. Possibly some of our readers have never thought of these horns as horns, and have looked upon them as knobby excrescences; but they are true horns, and are a most curious matter altogether. They look as if they were the sort of last survival of some greater growth which had gradually diminished as their use was less required. Both male and female have them; but they are larger, and especially broader at the base, in the male.

Most horned animals, whether cattle, or deer, or antelope, are supposed to find the main use for

their horns either in protecting themselves or in fighting for the possession of their partners. The

giraffes from a vast area, and though never common or abundant in the way that some of the antelopes were, still they were to be pretty certainly looked for from time to time. Now, however, the opening up of Africa is proceeding, no steady growth, but is going by great leaps and bounds, and enormous territories are being marked out, so that the wild creatures are harried from one place to another, and yearly their ground is becoming smaller and smaller. It needs no great wisdom to forecast that before long many, if not most, of the larger game must go, and most certainly the giraffe will be of that number.



SECTION THROUGH SKULL OF GIRAFFE.

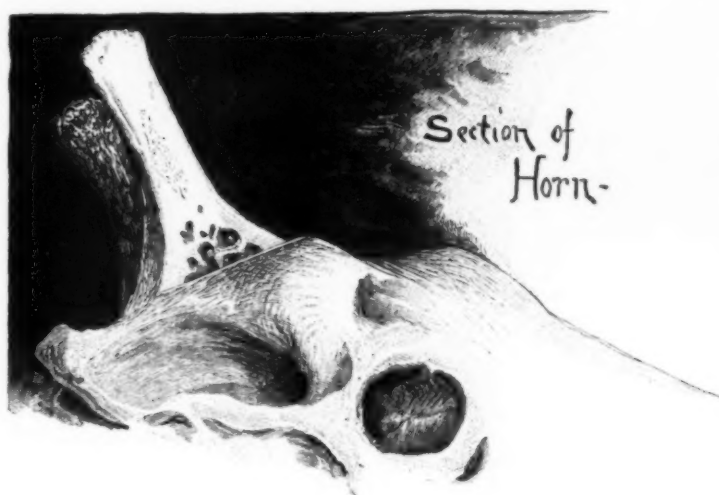
giraffe's peculiar length of limb and power of speed probably give it sufficient protection from most adversaries, and it is uncertain if it is of a sufficiently pugnacious turn of mind to ever use its horns against its fellows.¹ They therefore seem to have but little practical value; still there they are, and there they were all those years ago.

The accompanying illustrations show some of the peculiarities of the bones of the skull. Note how the horn, especially in that of the young head, seems to lie on the bone of the head like a sort of cap; otherwise the growth is more like a deer's than an antelope's. See also how the curious high-peaked frontal bone is shown in the section of the skull, not solid, but with cells and air-chambers. The whole horn is covered to its top with hair, which is generally of a darker colour than the rest.

From those far-away days to 1895 is a big jump; till of late all sportsmen and travellers have year by year recorded the seeing and obtaining of



HORN OF YOUNG GIRAFFE.



It will be a thousand pities, as it is really a unique beast; nothing approaches it in its singular form and character. Excepting, perhaps, the elephant, it is the most remarkably shaped animal now living on this earth.

It is rather a singular thing that the giraffe should flourish in captivity, for in its own native place it roams over great distances, and journeys miles and miles to find the young shoots it loves, and one would imagine that, cooped up in a small yard or paddock, it would speedily pine away and die. But it is far otherwise; if it had not been by

¹ We remember, however, being shown a very ugly dent against the wooden wall of the giraffe-house, which was made by a giraffe swinging its head round viciously, endeavouring to strike its keeper, who had unwittingly offended it in some way; and the dent is on the wall to this day (April 1895).

fire and accident, we should have had, here in London, quite a stock of Regent's-Park-born giraffes, for twenty-two have, in all, been born there. The cold and damp does not seem to affect them nearly so much as might be expected.

The latest living example of the giraffe that has so recently been added to the Society's collection arrived in England during this exceptionally keen

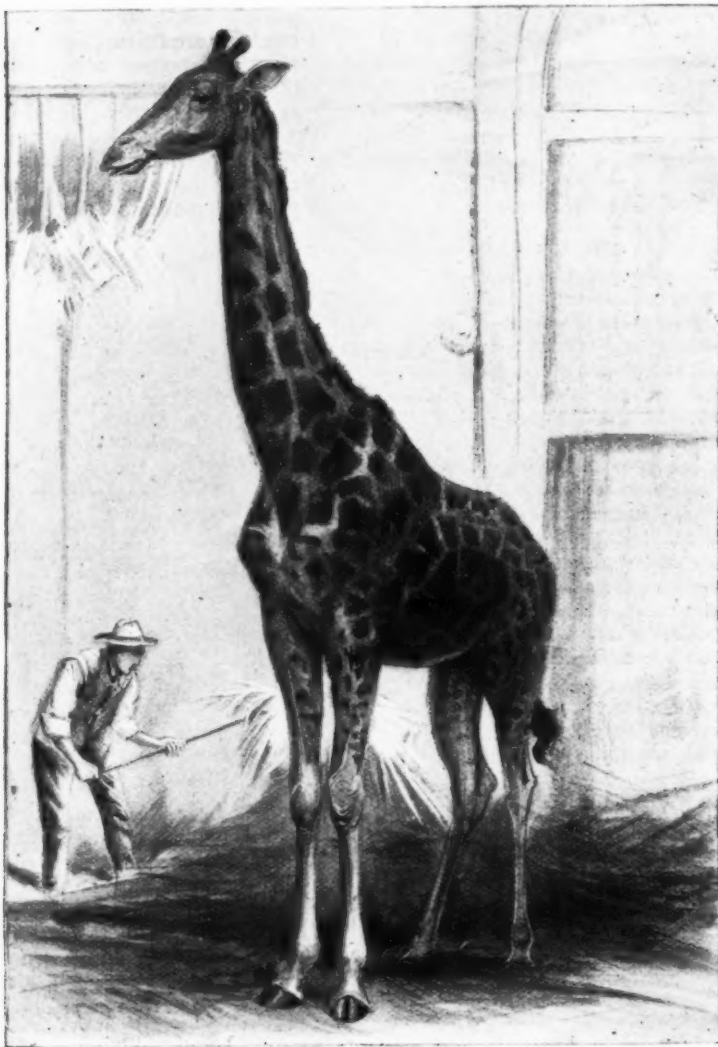
it would be wise to take off, and we happened to be present the morning it was done. On paper it seems an easy thing to do—just take it off; but with a frisky and timid creature like the giraffe, it was hard work for three strong men. First, they had to get a rope round the leather headstall, then the moment that was done the creature pirouetted round and round, and twisted the rope about its

neck and legs so that the keepers were in the utmost alarm lest in its frantic struggles it should seriously damage itself. At last they unwound the rope, and endeavoured to pull the giraffe's high head down to such a level that they could get at it; but time after time, just as victory seemed certain, it suddenly slewed away, twisting the cord again round and round its neck. At last, however, they did succeed. One clever cut with a sharp knife, and the whole headstall fell off; and the creature bounded away with flying heels, much to the danger of the three men.

Mr. Windhorn, the Cape farmer who caught it and brought it over, described how he feared it would hardly live, as it was so thin and emaciated when he got it, but it soon took to feeding and got into better condition. He had a long ride after it and caught it with a lasso, which he is an adept in throwing.

It is very curious how timid these creatures are about certain sounds. Noisy sounds, like a man walking by with hob-nail boots, it does not notice; but a lady coming in with hardly more sound than the mere rustling of her dress, makes it start, with pricked ears and eyes distended. We remember well, after that terrible explosion of gunpowder on a barge on the neighbouring canal, asking the keeper of the giraffes of

that day how they had taken it, and he said he was surprised how very little notice they took at all; they jumped to their feet, but almost at once lay down again when they found nothing happened. "But," he added, "if I was, at night-time, to creep along that gallery in my socks quietly, they would be so scared that I believe they would dash themselves to bits." They fear the lurking foe, and a big bang scares them less than a faint, rustling sound. They are in that very deer-like; and although the naturalists of old placed the giraffe

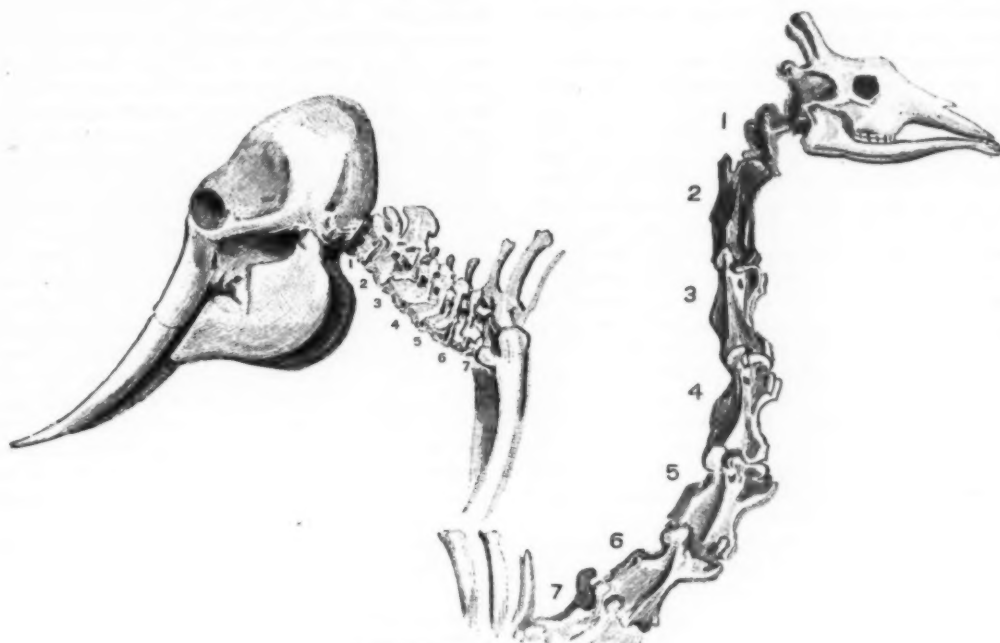


THE NEW ARRIVAL AT REGENT'S PARK.

winter, and, although cooped up in a roughly built box, seemed at the end of its long journey but little the worse for it, and a day after it had been in its house, fed heartily, and seemed perfectly well and sound. It is a peculiarly handsomely marked specimen, much darker in colour than any that have previously been brought to this country. All that we have had have come from the northern half of Africa, and are known as Nubian; this one comes from the south. When it first came it had on a headstall, with rope halter. This, it was felt,

along with the camels and some other ruminants, Professor Owen, after a long and exhaustive study of every part of its anatomy, unhesitatingly summed

up its true place when he said : "The nature and zoological affinities of the giraffe may be expressed by terming it simply 'a modified deer.'"



ELEPHANT AND GIRAFFE NECK COMPARED.

MAY ON THE MOOR.

IN an exposed, elevated region like the Cornish upland, where there is neither tree to leaf, nor bush to bud, but where, winter or summer, the coarse, wiry grass, almost the sum total of vegetation, is a uniform rusty grey, outward evidences of spring are both late and scanty. One is not to be deceived, when the fieldfares leave, and the weird wailing whistle of golden plovers, no longer massed, has ceased to break the silence of the gloaming; nor even when, one sunny morning about mid-March, migrations of larks appear on the scene and fill the air with song. For a week later, as their habit is, these flocks move down to enclosed ground, leaving only a few stragglers behind; and then the east wind usually blusters afresh, and winter seems to linger on, as before.

But now April is past; swifts have followed the martins, as martins followed the swallows, and the cuckoo is an established fact: even better, almost before daybreak, all birds, musical or not, sing their loudest and their best, out of pure joyousness at the fragrant, dewy dawns. As well they may, poor creatures of circumstance, since to them there is all the difference in the world between December's dismal days with two-thirds of every twenty-four hours night, and these luckier times of

sixteen good working hours, with abundance of food in reach. But of course this ubiquitous songfulness indicates also that the breeding season is in full swing; and that being so, some small share at least of the teeming energy of nature is likely to overflow on to the moor itself.

Nor is the pilgrim through this barren land disappointed to-day, while manœuvring between wet and dry ground, and describing the letter S as the practical if tortuous route to the serrated pinnacle of the county. Not that a single bird was expected until a couple of miles had been traversed beyond the last gate; but when the fringe of a certain bog was reached, there at all events curlews were to be looked for. And there they were—a pair of them; and of that pair, one very much in evidence. For these sojourners, when with us, cast off all the skulking shyness of their estuary days, and are fully prepared to face their worst enemies. Choosing some rush tuft among the "feather-beds" as a nesting site, at once they become the veriest tyrants, driving off every other feathered fowl from their domain. And yet, such is the contrariety of things, though demanding so much solitude and quiet, they are themselves most noisy characters. While one sits, the other keeps watch

aloft with vigorous, intrepid sweeps and turns, at the distant approach of a human being perpetually uttering its quavering cry of defiance; and as soon as the eggs are hatched both parents combine so to resent the intrusion of a stranger as scarcely to deign to keep their distance.

A further spell of collar-work; and then, behold, there was a full snipe, flitting over an oozy peat-bed, and taking things as leisurely as if it had never seen or heard a gun. Another bird, this, assuming, in spring, unusual antics; not the least curious of which is that way of imitating, on the wing, the bleating of a goat, whereby it has earned the nickname of heather-bleater. An uncanny sound, like the muffled hootings of a clarionet; and to only hear it, without locating its origin by watching the bird, is to be apprised of a surprising ventriloquistic power being possessed by some invisible creature. A gift, methinks, strong likewise in their young, almost from birth; for you may stand among the cotton-grass, and listen to a baby-snipe, squeaking as you judge at your very feet; only to find, when poking about in search of him, that the squeak is a good way off. Naturally, not a few snipe remain here all the year; a fact which renders the occasional record, in the local press, of some specimen, bagged in September down in cultivated ground, being an indication of a hard winter, a piece of information more superfluous than convincing.

Not far from that peat-bed, in a broken hollow—the “deads” of bygone tin-streamers—there generally are to be met with one or two dunlins at this season, but they were not on view just now, as I passed their haunt, and so I find myself at last, after a stiff pull, on the summit of Brown Willy, minded to survey the scene.

It is a splendid noon. The sun is blazing down with scorching vigour, as though to atone for all previous delinquencies. Fleecy woolpacks, wafted by a faint north-west breeze, break up by their shadows the surrounding desolation, and throw into relief the contour of the rolling plain. Ponies, with coats as rough as their grazing-ground, dot the slopes here and there; and the numerous scattered groups of cattle show that “summering” has commenced, and that last year’s plentiful dry-crop was none too much for withstanding the prolonged frost of February. In front stream away the far distances of the land of saints, with all its luxuriance of outdoor camellias, burnished serpentine cliffs, first-rate woodcock “bottoms,” busy mine-life, and other diversified details. Away, off the moor, at wide intervals, gaunt church-towers stand up in the haze, like menhirs set in a network of pasture. On the right, Padstow’s harbour-mouth; then a stretch of sea whereon are some steamers with creamy wakes, standing in to cheat the tide between Trevoise and Hartland; then the horizon line is interrupted by Rough Tor’s back, towering up sharp-featured and stern, but reappears again, and finally terminates at Lundy. Truly it is a fine panorama: were the atmosphere quite clear, as it most rarely is, Dunkerry beacon would be visible; also the Eddystone.

Absolute silence reigns; one might be stranded on a lifeless sphere. It was just on such another day

in late summer when quite a large party of painted ladies were seen sunning themselves on the cairn by which I sit; beautiful little pixies, surely come to pay respect to the great king lying beneath, clasping his golden goblet; for what else could have tempted them up here, 1,375 feet above sea-level, with no flowers at all in their line, nothing, in fact, but rushes, grass, stunted bracken, whortle-plants? Which reminds me of a standing grievance against the mighty pile! It looks so aggravatingly inviting, never apparently having been tampered with. I have permission, as it happens, to open it; and perched thus full in view of his territory and of the setting sun, it certainly might and should be the resting-place of some brachycephalic old chief. Quite so; given men and fine weather, there would be no great difficulty in getting into it, but then there would be considerable difficulty in finding anything after you got there. One’s mouth fairly waters at the surprising facility with which those barrow-diggers unearth their urns, fibulæ, celts, and the rest of it—elsewhere. But the barrows hereabouts are mostly constructed of tumbled-together blocks, filled in with and resting upon a soil of such natural blackness that charcoal defies detection. To light on the granite kist, after systematically trenching from the south-east “corner,” is no easy matter, amid the conglomeration of similar material; while, supposing the supreme moment to have arrived for lifting its coverer, odds and ends of burnt bone-chips in a layer of greasy earth mostly turn out to be the sum of its contents. Not but what gold torques and a gold cup have been found in barrows within view herefrom—just enough to whet the antiquarian appetite; but then cairns are more tiresome even than barrows, because so much larger, and in this case, if the mound be not a cenotaph, any deposit would be doubly hard to find amid the jagged outcrop of the peak. No, no; let the old king sleep on, holding his goblet in peace, with his martial cloak around him. That is, unless some day Lady Fernacre insists upon the thing being done, because she intends to hold a picnic up here to celebrate the event, and her guests will be on the *qui vive* to see the treasure trotted out.

On that jutting spur, immediately below, is the hard-to-find beehive hut which sheltered Mr. Baring Gould’s heroine in *Mrs. Curgenven*; and on the lichened rock by which it nestles an old cock ring-ousel denotes his presence by shrilling out a long high-pitched police-whistle note, as challenge or call, before indulging in a snatch of wild, inspiring melody. Some pairs breed here annually, and must educate their young to shift early for themselves, since the nestlings are particularly easy to rear by hand; feeding, unassisted, off sultanas, worms, berries, etc., almost from the first day of their captivity. Docile, attractive pets they may afterwards prove in an aviary, with their beautiful laced plumage, and white fore-necks, provided they receive most attendance; for otherwise they are likely to throw many provoking white topsy-turvy feathers, to the ruination of their appearance.

Having “done” this hill, almost every pedestrian feels bound to tackle Rough Tor; since, though of

rather less elevation, it is so manifestly the finer eminence ; and accordingly one may as well proceed thitherwards. In the fuzzy, heathery ground, to be negotiated before being clear of Brown Willy's base, cuckoos are enlivening the scene, taking their aimless, spasmodic flights, duly attended by meadow-pipits, that either object to being foster-parents or else take them for hawks. Farther on, along a rocky ravine, with dipper-haunted pools full of dainty little trout, runs a small torrent, along whose margin one is generally safe to come across some adders basking, which, when disturbed, promptly take the water and swim across stream, as though to the manner born. These creatures usually affect a damp situation, near a stream ; but not so the small viviparous lizards, which seem to hate wetting their toes, and prefer shelter and cosiness ; so much so that their elegant young ones are by no means the least uncommon "find" down in the very core of a barrow.

Let us have a look, in passing, at yonder moorland shanty, standing amongst its poverty-stricken enclosures, fenced with cyclopean wall hedges. Smoke issues from the low chimney, also from the open door. Inside will be found walls, once white-washed, now toned down to black and tan, and bedecked with a couple of grocer's almanacks, the spoil from some rare visit to the metropolis of Camelford. For flooring, uneven granite paving, with wide intervals between the unwrought slabs duly filled up with an ever-accumulating cement of dust and dirt eminently conducive to zymotic complaints. By the window, littered with the *débris* of previous meals, a long unclothed table, under which bony fowls seek for provender, at the peril of their lives. A peat-fire, smouldering on the wide, open hearth, is flanked on one side by the iron "crock" for milk-scalding, on the other by the "baker" (*i.e.* iron plate, and flat, inverted iron dish) for cooking those Cornish pasties which some people say they consider nice. Add to the above sundry bits of horse tackle hanging from the black boarding overhead ; a dresser ; dilapidated chairs ; a form ; heap of turf in one corner, with litter of furze beside it, and there you have the entourage pretty well complete.

As though the place was sometimes tidy, the good wife apologises for being "in such a romage," and would I be pleased to take a chair ? By my elbow is the said dresser ; on its upmost ledge small crockery, then dishes, then drawers, then a cupboard of two compartments. While the mistress hunts about for any flints her boys may have brought in, and the smoke grows irritating and oppressive (because it appears the wind is just where it ought not to be), a remarkable stir, in the way of pushing and bustling, and even hissing, is going on inside one compartment. It transpires that a certain goose made a sad mess of incubating out of doors, and has been "put to sit" therein. But as it is obvious that, whatever the unruly bird may be about, it is decidedly not *sitting*, it must be having a bad time in *durance vile*, what between the darkness and peat-reek ; nor can the "evasive anser" be much blamed for resenting its fate, as even a goose must pine for fresh air on a day like this.

On that roundish tor in front peregrines used to nest, and might be doing so still if they had only kept matters dark ; but being garrulous, and obtrusive, a native, apprehensive for his chickens, basely shot the falcon and tiercel ; not aware that these birds nobly spare the progeny of such neighbours as trust to their honour—*peregrinating* from home for their prey—a fact very familiar to the gulls, which, fearlessly nestling on the cliffs on the same ledge where perches an eyrie, show no concern whatever for the safety of their young.

But (having made a quite unnecessary *détour*) our way lies round to the right, and soon shows abundant evidences of a prehistoric occupation. This is the case, more or less, all through a district of which these hills are only a small part. Every hill-top has its barrows ; almost every leeward slope its village of hut-circles ; to say nothing of the large stone circles here and there. And yet how little we know of the makers of these remains ! Were they the tin-seekers who dug out these vast trenches, like railway cuttings ; and if so, did they smelt the metal, and barter it to traders on the spot, or carry the black tin (*i.e.* powdered ore) to Thanet, to be shipped to Gaul ? And why were some of the huts so large, while others in the same settlement were so small ; and were the inhabited ones domed over with converging slabs, or poled over and turfed ? Thanks to recent investigations on Dartmoor, we can guess, without digging, that the huts have raised, paved daises for beds, sunk cooking holes, and a hearth ; but beyond this, conjecture as we may, we know nothing whatever—not even whether the occupiers had any pottery, or grew corn ; whether they were the aborigines who raised the barrows, or later settlers who utilised previous burial sites as their cemeteries.

This much we have some knowledge of—the flint tools they employed ; but a great deal remains puzzling even about these. As, why people, presumably endued with some sense, took the trouble to elaborate tiny arrowheads, no larger than your little finger-nail, when the rougher, heavier points, also used by them, must have been more easily made, and much more effective. Were the tiny ones amulets, or weapons of offence against the frogs, or what ? And why must their scrapers, all of one pattern, range in outline from the size of a tablespoon to that of a saltspoon ? Or why, when fresh flint flakes would cut their skins, and pare down their arrow-shafts, with a very keen edge, did they consider it necessary to fashion, with infinite labour, two-edged knives, which, when completed, were comparatively blunt ? And, moreover, were the good old Celts ambidextrous, seeing that so many of the tools are right- and left-handed ? A collection of these implements can be formed, by securing the flints met with in making hedges, cutting peat, etc., and weeding out all the rubbish from those pieces which distinctly show secondary chipping ; but to assign a definite use to every type, as the collection grows in extent, is altogether another matter.

Rough Tor well repays the climb, though not one tourist to Cornwall in a hundred ascends it. It might be the unfinished citadel of giants, so titanic are the perpendicular terraces and scarps of

granite, and so regular the walling of the superimposed layers. At the top of all things are some specimens of those rock-basins which credulous antiquaries have supposed to be artificial—the Druids' work, whereas they owe their origin to entirely natural causes. Some are full of water, with regular, even brims; some with small lips lately fretted out by combined action of wind, water, and detached crystals; others with their lips so enlarged and deepened that they have long ago run into one another and worn themselves dry. But even more convincing, as to stress and wear of ages, are the shapes of the disintegrated masses of "moorstone" towards the prevailing wind—these being no longer in horizontal courses, but rounded off into pointed, ram-shaped protuberances.

From the southern extremity the view is vast, and of its kind impressive. A human being anywhere in sight is a phenomenon, so unusual as to be quite surprising. At this moment the only bird visible is one solitary swift, standing off and on, as sailors say, and keeping near its mate, sitting in some crevice between the rocks on its apology of a nest.

Presently a raven, all unsuspecting, floats round the crest, carrying some choice morsel to its fledged brood, safely ensconced in the stack of that distant dilapidated engine-house. Were it not that the same pairs are doubtless seen again and again, these fine birds would be looked on as quite common residents; at all events there is no particular reason why they should decrease, since they are not molested by the moor-men to such an extent as might be expected from their propensity for sickly lambs. After a time a faint "cawk" ascends from the farther side of that shining bog below, where young teal would more often come to maturity if not chopped by half-starved lurchers which do duty as sheep-dogs. It is a heron steering lazily westward—not improbably an idiot. He looks as though bound riverwards, to pursue the gentle craft of fishing; but it is as likely as

not that he has his nest there. Breeding as they do in this immediate neighbourhood, herons are compelled to adapt themselves to circumstances, and to nest (as in Ireland) on the ground; but they might so easily always select some snug spot in a quaking morass, where they would be undisturbed save by the ghosts of engulfed bullocks, whereas they have been known actually to court molestation by nesting on an islet in the river, full in view of any strolling trout, who need not to wade more than ankle-deep to reach the eggs. But then, in spite of their sagacity and instinct, many birds do undoubtedly lose their heads at breeding time—at least until grown crafty by experience.

But already the sun is nearing the Atlantic, and there is a suspicious wisp of mist just grazing Brown Willy's cap, as a hint of what may follow in consequence of the day's heat. When a moor fog comes on, every landmark is instantly obliterated; yet so long as daylight lasts and the breeze holds, if familiar with the ins and outs of the country, you can steer fairly well by aid of compass, or, at worst, by following the direction of one or other stream descending from the high land. But after nightfall things are very different. One recalls the Jubilee bonfire up yonder, and the solitary tramp back at 11 P.M., when the stars were faint, the air grew cold, frogs croaked aggressively in the malodorous marshes, and the next step was uncertain; as it was, even without any mist, it was the merest chance to hit off the fords, and navigation became wearisome in the extreme.

Therefore it is wise to be off herefrom betimes; for should a mist be added to the gloom of a moonless night, before one got clear of the waste and was safe between the hedges of a lane, it would be poor fun to have to cast anchor till dawn almost at the very end of the run, like some Southampton-bound liner befogged in the Solent.

A. N. MALAN.

Dawn.

THE field and fold with dawn are gray,
And gray with dew the lawn,
Gray is the shady garden way,
The East is gray with dawn.

No redness has the red red rose,
The pink rose shivers white,
Each flower the dull disguise still shows
Which it put on last night.

In dawn's chill wind the poplars move
And sigh for dawn to break:
Oh, was there ever a noon of love,
With all the flowers awake?

The Eastern sky grows pearly pale,
Pink grows the Northern sky,
And all along the wooded vale
New waves of colour fly.

The starlings stir, and sudden shrill
They chatter 'neath the eaves,
And in the garden comes a thrill
Of colour to the leaves.

The red red rose her colour shows,
Once more pink roses blush,
And every rose new rapture knows,
Born of the sunrise flush.

The garden is all green again,
The flowers are blue and red,
The sunlight is on all the plain,
The night is done and dead!

O weary hearts, awake, awake!
Put night and tears away!
Be glad for the sweet sunshine's sake,
And thank God for the day!

E. NESBIT.

CROSSING THE CORDILLERAS.



THE HOTEL OF LAS VACAS.

I AWOKE, surprised at finding myself sleeping in a Pullman car instead of on shipboard. It was sunrise, and the horizon was ringed with a brilliant band of red melting upwards into gold. All around was a vast circle; which was nothing but grass—grass—tussocks of grass. How different from the blue sea-ring, hardly flecked with foam, to which my eyes had grown lately accustomed!

So this was the Great Pampa, a gigantic meadow of some hundreds of miles, "miles of nothingness," as it had been described to me. After all, if monotonous, there is a grandeur, a solemnity, in seeing the sun rise from the East out of the grassy plain, and sink down into it again on the West. No high hills, no trees to obscure one's view of the great luminary; it should make one a sun-worshipper. Whereupon, to sleep once more.

At eight o'clock came a lonely shanty of a station and cups of coffee. Men passengers got off the cars, and hurried to drink and wash at the primitive draw-well. (They did so at other stations all that day.)

Till noon—nothing, as regards scenery, but grass to be seen; then one low bunker of sand, as if meant for golfing. More nothingness. But

now and again one perceived wild-looking cattle in the distance. Horses there were in plenty. I counted one herd of about two hundred mares and colts, a small one; there must have been thousands on the pampa.

Terrible, indeed, must be the sight of a prairie fire: miles of flame sweeping along the horizon; poor beasts, in maddened herds, flying terror-stricken in too often vain hope of escape.

After a fair lunch on board the train, I returned along the corridor to my compartment and grew drowsy. Rousing in the late afternoon, behold there were bushes dotting the plain like thorns sometimes thus scattered in an English meadow; two or three to the mile. And hurrah! here come clumps of willows and tufts of pampa grass; quite a feature. One *chacra*, or small farm, with a big haystack—a lodge in the wilderness.

Leaving some fine woods, our train once more bore us into the wide pampa. There was a blue hill far away; it seemed just like sighting land from a ship at sea. How far can one see around here, I wondered, if lost on the plain? Not so far as from the height of a ship's deck. As the sun sank, there was a lovely view ahead of dark violet hills against an orange and

crimson western glow. Below, the pampa looked golden in the level beams, dark-specked with grazing cattle.

Dust! Quickly the dusk falls; and in starless darkness we speed on towards the Andes through the night. A very fair dinner at San Luis for two dollars (frs. 2.50) breaks my solitude. Then sleep follows—and dust. Dust for hours sifting through the windows so thickly that in a few more hours one would need to be dug out. It lay inch-deep, and grey everywhere save under my head on the pillow.

"Señora, it is five o'clock. Here is Mendoza." The attendant was knocking at my door.

Ugh, ugh! There was only time to get fully equipped, wash one's face, and shake off the dust before we stopped. Then an English voice was heard asking for me in the darkness, and there followed a hearty English hand-shake and welcome.

Mendoza; as seen at Dawn. Before leaving Buenos Ayres, an invitation had arrived for me to spend a few days at Mendoza, and rest before the fatigue of crossing the mountains.

My new host and his wife were friends of the Pakenhams, and he held an official situation on the railway here. So do most of the very few Englishmen who inhabit this pretty town nestling under the shadow of the giant Andes. A delightful place, in my opinion, and that of some other passing travellers; but primitive, also distinctly solitary for those with roving British blood in their veins whom fate imprisons here for some years.

How deliciously fresh the air was, as, after some invigoratingly hot coffee in the station, we walked across a *plaza* of young green trees! The stars were dying out pale, deep violet hills encircled the sleeping town, and a lovely faint orange glow gave token of the dawn. My hosts' house lay quite near, and right glad I was, entering the little *patio*, to find an open window-door awaiting me, and a real bed.

After two hours' sleep, I appeared through the window, or door—for in these native houses there is no other light—to find my pretty hostess and an English breakfast awaiting me in the little verandah of the courtyard.

Breakfast over, we three sallied forth on a ramble "down town." The old Mendoza was destroyed by the terrible earthquake of 1861, and this one, a little removed, is new. Here are wide streets, so wide that in another earthquake shock one could rush out with safety; shady new *plazas*; *avenidas*; fountains.

Trees, and running Water. Trees line most of the streets, green vistas greet the eyes everywhere. A noise of rushing water fills one's ears in the Alameda, for down most of the principal streets flows a real mountain stream, diverted hither from a great irrigating canal of the neighbourhood made by the Inca Guaymallen of old. So wide and deep are these *acequias* that many a child has been drowned in them; therefore most are loosely boarded over. At one corner we came full on a crowd surrounding a cart and a struggling horse, which had got its hind legs and part of its

body through some rotten planks. He was hauled out in triumph, yet I wonder and doubt if the hole he left is mended yet.

This water is used for washing, and even drinking purposes, in the town, and strict penalties are enforced if it is wilfully fouled. Little bridges over it at intervals connect the side path with the roadway, and green garden-seats lining these form both a parapet and convenient gossip lounges for householders in the cool of the evening.

These three things are my chief impressions of Mendoza: foliage, running water, and garden-seats.

Story of the Great Earthquake of 1861. The chief incident in Mendoza's history is its great earthquake. In March, 1861, "the geologist Bravard wrote that Mendoza would certainly be destroyed by an earthquake in less than forty years. Ten days later he perished with 12,000 of the inhabitants."¹ It happened on a Sunday, or feast-day, I believe, for most of the population were in church, that the earth literally yawned and engulfed them as it did to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.

An English doctor, riding into the country that morning to visit a patient, found his home vanished on his return; the town a mass of shapeless mud ruins veiled in dust. His wife and children were all at mass when the catastrophe happened. Only the nurse and baby, who had been straying in the garden, survived. This latter I met, now a grown man, and speaking only Spanish, though English by name and origin. Forty of his relations, he told me, perished on that fatal day.

But its chief horror lay in that a number of the victims were entombed alive, and the gauchos, flocking from the country around in hope of plunder, joined in the work of digging them out, but are accused of despatching many for the sake of their ornaments.

A Nun saved by Scissors. "There was one nun I knew," said an Irish friend of mine, "who was saved by a pair of scissors. 'How so?' do you say? Well, the mother superior sent her out into the garden with a pair of scissors to cut roses, and there she felt the earth shaking under her, and heard it cracking. When she came to her senses, there was no convent nor chapel, nor one of the whole sisterhood left, barring herself."

A Story of Three Escapes from Death. "I can tell you of a stranger case than that," broke in another friend. "There was a little girl here who was dug out of the earthquake ruins alive beside her dead mother. She was sent over to Chili to some relations, and there, only a little later, was in the great church in Santiago that took fire when some 2,000 women were in it on a feast-day, and were all, but a few, burnt alive, owing to the throng getting jammed in the doorways. This child, being small, was lifted up to a narrow window and pulled through the grating. So she escaped. You will hardly believe it, but on her wedding-tour—for she has grown to womanhood now—she and her husband were shipwrecked somewhere on the west coast, and were either cast on a desert island or drifted in an open boat for days till found, I forget which."

¹ *Handbook of the River Plate.*

Now, was this good luck to escape, or an ill fate to be three times in such great peril of life? The question was argued on both sides.

A Live Beggar on Horseback. I stayed for six days in Mendoza, enjoying greatly some glimpses of its simplicity of life and its daily sights and scenes. A piquant change of pabulum to a homely British palate. Take one morning, for in-

Providence. Now where would be self-denial or real charity, if a giver meanly expected every sixpence to be thus repaid?

Failing to see he had paid a poor compliment to Western minds, and with a farewell bow of much politeness, this beggar on horseback rode on.

It surprised me at first that a mendicant could afford a steed. But, as my friend and reflection both pointed out, how easy it is to buy an old



RUINS AT MENDOZA.

stance, when I sat in the little drawing-room (for it was a small house) with the window open on the street. Up rode a gaucho, dressed in white if I remember rightly—no worse than his fellows at any rate. He bestrode a nag, sorry enough yet still capable, and wore a medal round his neck. Off came his hat in a bow of much grace, but he stretched out his hand towards the window-grating imploring alms.

"It's all right, he's one of *our* beggars; the town has so many licensed ones who are allowed to come round," said my hostess, looking out over my shoulder.

So, instead of dismissing him with a "Pardon, little brother, for not giving you anything," some small coins were placed in his palm.

"*Dios lo pague,*"¹ was the dignified response, uttered as if returning a cheque with interest that would be placed to one's credit in the accounts of

¹ "God will repay it."

horse for a few shillings in this country and graze him for nothing in the outskirts of the town! Further, if it is not difficult to buy the horse, it is easy enough to steal him! And it is barbarous to expect any poor man to walk when he can ride. Another usual sight is perhaps some old woman with the very biggest of goitres. Even dogs here, and also fowl it is said, get goitres from drinking the water in which there is much lime.

And a third incident amused me much one morning, when we happened to enter a fashionable confectioner's shop. It was only midday, but by the counter lounged three officers in blue uniforms and gold lace, swords grasped in their left hands, all busy enjoying sweets. They and two civilian friends were nudging each other in the ribs, laughing like schoolboys over a good "tuck-in." At last the martial band clattered out, sabre in one hand and a parcel apiece of jammy cakes in the other.

Another sight:
Argentine
Officers in a
Confiteria.

Of course we drove to see the ruins of the old churches, solitary surviving witnesses of the earthquake. These look more imposing in photographs than in reality, being only of adobe, or mud brick, fast crumbling away. What thousands of bodies still lie entombed under the dust almost knee-deep around those low walls and in the brown plaza! It is a huge catacomb.

It was far more pleasant to drive into the country by the San Juan River, past thickets of tall tasselled

sugar-canes, willow fringes, and picturesque ranchos. Some of these were extraordinary, mere bamboo booths without roofs; others owned mud walls and were covered with branches. At first I took these to be miserable shelters for cattle.

The San Juan had resolved itself into five or six streams, bordered by weeping willows, and wandering through a broad tract of gravel. Its effect was green and poetic. We were driving in a street victoria, my hostess and I, accompanied by a nurse, baby, Master Tony, and two dogs. Returning home by a different road, it was necessary to ford the San Juan.

Hé! Hé! Our lively but ill-tempered black nags jolted down into the first stream, crossed it, and mounted the opposite bank. *Hold! Hold!* Through stream the second in safety. Our ancient driver now shouted himself hoarse in encouragement. *Ea! Sus! Animó!* while cracking his whip deafeningly. Down we went the third time. And then the ponies and front wheels indeed rushed up the gravelly side, but no farther. One horse suddenly jibbed, sulked, the carriage stayed in the water.

Reproaches and whip-slashes mingled in a storm. "*Ojalá!*" (from O, Allah! most euphonious of interjections)—all was useless; and ladies, babies, and dogs were obliged to land on the bank, that was a shingle island.

Another street victoria luckily was passing, and crashed to the rescue through bushes, water, and gravel. Hey presto! our wicked black gees turned and rushed back into the river, where they began calmly drinking to their own success. As we drove away later with the relief party, their disgraced master was still filling the air with useless wrath and woe.

And now crossing the mountains, "Over the Mountains," the crux of my long journey, was discussed.

"Is it not very courageous of you to think of going over alone?" said many of my friends.

"Not courage, but necessity. It is so late in the year that only the last swallows are left. Some travellers must be crossing this week."

It turned out that eleven were so doing, myself the only lady. There is a firm here, called that of Villalonga, which undertakes the personal charge of travellers and parcels.

"Go by it," urged my friends. "We shall feel so much happier about your safety." (Like Tony Lumpkin, I agreed in order to feel happier myself.)

Señor Villalonga came to call upon me in amusing tribulation one afternoon.

"What shall I do?" he asked in Spanish. "My head will be cut off, it appears from letters I got, if

you are not taken great care of! Shall I send an English clerk with you all the way? He belongs to your Young Men's Christian Association."

Was he used to riding mules by precipices?

This seemed doubtful.

As we all laughed, the English "administrador" and chief engineer of the Transandine Railway, who was also calling upon me, banished all our small fears by offering to take charge of me himself for at least the first day. He was going up with two younger engineers to examine the line, and the mouth of the tunnel already begun, which is, some day, to pierce the summit of the Andes and form a subway between the Argentine and Chili.

So good an offer was not to be refused. Mr. D. not only holds the chief post on the mountain line, but once crossed the Andes on foot in the snow some years ago with two companions; if "on foot" is a proper expression when much of the journey apparently consisted of sliding down the snow-covered mountain sides seated on a fringe of sheep's tails carefully tied on for that purpose.

So before seven one morning my most genial host and I were breakfasting at the station. The still twilight sky overhead was a sight not to be forgotten. Great splashes of indigo clouds shaded to brighter edges of blue; for the sun was later rising than ourselves.

The Transandine train, with its tiny long cars, reversible seats, and mirrors in every panel, is a gem of its kind. Away we went at half-past seven, past suburbs of bamboo ranchos, maize patches, and sugar-cane, ascending the low foot-hills.

The railroad follows the course of the Mendoza River, up a valley often narrowing to precipitous gorges, with bridges flung across the roaring torrent below. The rocks above seemed to close in overhead. Now the river would be foaming far below on the right; a few minutes later on the left. Out again into a barren valley, mottled with sage-green bushes far apart, the only verdure to be seen. One of my companions told me these plants have large roots useful for firing; while the leaf is a good remedy for horses' sore backs.

My other two friends were riding on the engine, wrapped in heavy ponchos, and doubtless keenly scrutinising the line. I might have had the glory of a seat above the cow-catcher; pleasant here, I was assured, where cattle are few, though often gory on the great pampas. But, knowing tomorrow would bring some hardships of travelling, this lazy chronicler preferred luxury inside the cars whilst it might still be enjoyed.

Two hours later we passed one green oasis—a small *estancia*, with a row of poplars and rich alfalfa. After that the region grew wilder, grander, and utterly barren. Forget all your impressions of Swiss pine-woods, sharp peaks, and deep, richly green valleys. Here the eye wanders over great red spaces of rocky mountains rising into the sky, buttressed by lower cliffs and foot-hills, all as if fired once in some great furnace. It is a weirdly fine colouring, this hot volcanic glow.

"But how it fatigues the eye," said one young engineer. "After travelling up and down here for two years, one's sight aches for a green leaf."

No coffee was procurable at the wooden station huts, but presently our chief left his engine and gave us a breakfast of four in his private "coche," produced from provision-cases meant to last the trio for the next few days. Our full claret glasses were placed on the floor for want of a table, and so smooth was the motion, the line being admirably laid, that not a drop was spilt. Compare this with the old journey by the mule track along this very route. Yet Mendoza is more Chilean than Argentine in its ways, intercourse having been always kept up with its neighbours on "the other side." The difficult Uspallata pass was easier to traverse than the six hundred miles of grassy sea before reaching Buenos Ayres.

Interesting stories are told of the difficulties and dangers of making the railroad. Hardly a wretched *posada* up these valleys. Higher still in the mountains, only "*casuchas*," or shelters, for the postmen who have long dared the passage across the mountains, even in mid-winter.

Crossing in the Not pleasant to be storm-bound,
Good Old like our chief, in one of these for
Days. some days. Half-frozen with snow
coming through a hole in the roof; stifled with smoke from a fire in the middle; no chimney, no window, and but little food. Travellers used to journey with some half-dozen dogs apiece, which at night, lying near, should keep vital warmth in their owners. These were "good old times," hearing of which made me the more thoroughly enjoy present-day comforts, hoping even brighter things for the Transandine in future.

The excessive good care taken of me here, and, as I may gratefully now remark, everywhere else during a ten months' tour, soon necessitated lunch

at a larger station. This was likewise a rude building in the barren cliff-bound valley. Yet memory vaguely recalls white Italian soup, hot cutlets, a good omelette, and country wine with coffee to follow. One may fare worse, even in England, on cross-country lines.

On again, ever imperceptibly ascending; more barrenness but for the few sage-like bushes, looking as if some gardener had dibbled them at regular intervals; then a wider valley, the river-bed strewn with large boulders.

We stopped, for the railway was, as yet, made no farther.

It was about three o'clock, and a group of mules awaited us in the shade of some cottages. I was promptly hoisted on a small black one by an Italian guide, who now took possession of me as his lawful property. This was Villalonga's head muleteer, or *capataz*, who announced that, as I was the only lady of the *tropilla*, it was his duty not to leave my side, and that, by his master's orders, the best mule was given me. With grateful glee I started; the engineers trudging off up the line on business, but promising to rejoin me in the inn by dinner-time.

"Leave your mule alone, señora, it knows the way," said my guide. And this trusty animal immediately tried to walk with me over the edge of a bluff, to the discomfort of my nerves and the indignation of its master.

With the *capataz* riding by my side, a young *arriero* behind entrusted with my rugs, dressing-bag, and umbrellas, the luggage following on pack-mules, away went our cavalcade, swelled by the other ten passengers. We scrambled down a steep bank, and trotted along a stony road through a dry and barren scene.



A RANCHO.

A cloud of dust appeared in front, shrieks and shouts were heard, and some apparent madmen thundered towards us in gallop, wildly waving arms and spurring steeds. Only quiet *arrieros* bound on some simple errand or other. Next come some biting and kicking mules which dispute our right to pass. Then a loud shout from behind, a four-horsed *coche* tears past us, bound for an inn beyond that of Las Vacas, swaying and rolling so perilously round sharp corners, by narrow parts of the road overhanging the river, and through fords, that I was thankful this was not the public one which runs in full season, and which I had been disappointed to hear was now stopped at the approach of winter.



A GAUCHO.

Soon in a valley of desolation I saw some pools and *corrals* of dry stones, beyond which lay a square of zinc-roofed low buildings.

"Are these the inn stables?" I asked, expecting to see some dwelling perched under the edge of the volcanic cliffs, where not a blade or a sprout of green grows.

"Señora, this is the *hotel* of Las Vacas."

A troop of pack-mules were being unloaded. Baggage, saddles, and skeppskins lay in piles on the stony, dusty ground. Rough men in *ponchos* were blindfolding the sulky mules with sacks to keep them from biting or straying, the latter looking as if affected by toothache. Gaunt dogs prowled around, and an important individual hurried to dismount me, exclaiming in protecting tones: "Vous aurez une bonne petite chambre à vous seule."

To this day I am not clear what were his particular privileges concerning my welfare; but I had begun to feel like a registered parcel, marked "fragile" and handed from one to another with care. Which agreeable feeling of faith lasted, and, indeed, grew by justification, during all my journey till

home again. He led me through the inner yard, littered with hen-coops, rabbits, bones, and *peones*, to a kind of cowshed door. Here, unfastening a thong hitched to a rusty nail, he displayed with pride—my room! A mud floor, small window (one pane of wire sieve), three camp beds, two morsels of matting, no chair, and a tin wash-basin! And how lucky to enjoy these comforts alone, and not with strange señoras as when crowded.

Neither bolt, key, nor door-handle were discernible. But my *capatas* was never distant in any dilemma. In a trice he ran off, then reappeared, bearing a rough plank which he planted in a deep hollow of the floor, leaning the other end against the door.

"*Miré!* do this, and a regiment of Indians could not rob you, señorita. Besides, for safety, I shall sleep just outside."

There were truckle beds scattered out of doors under the roof-eaves for guides and *peones*, and true enough at my threshold the good fellow snored through the night.

Lurking distrust in the safety of my luggage without personal inspection being a weakness of mine, I now ventured outside, "going delicately." The innkeeper was a Scotchman, who cordially accompanied me in search of my treasured gear among the other luggage heaps flung down in the dusty *corral*.

My dress trunks, it may here be noted, were all small enough to balance each other on pack mules when crossing the mountains.

Oh, my best hats! their light box was cruelly rope-marked and half buried under dead weight.

"*Hombre!*" the Scotchman cannily pointed out to the ubiquitous *capatas*. "See, there are the señorita's '*sombreros de Domingo*' (Sunday-go-to-meeting bonnets). Behold!" And the *capatas* shouted indignantly to an underling of an *arriero* with a resounding *Car-amba!*

Now this I always formerly imagined was a Spanish oath; but several Chilean ladies have assured me sacredly it means no worse than "Oh, dear!" or the Irish expletive "Bother!" and that they constantly use it. What a safety-valve for a poor housewife to have such a delightful word with a rolling *r* to burst out with "when the china is broken"!

"*Hombre!*" (Man!) is the correct way of addressing any masculine being—friend or chimney-sweep—in amusement, surprise, reproach, or otherwise. I used it as a preface to my Spanish sentences whenever possible, just to give myself a careless air of fine acquaintance with the language.

Out of doors was so uninviting, I returned to sit on my bed and lay out my travelling wear for to-morrow; the one day of probable discomfort, and certainly of a long mule ride for the best part of the eleven hours, which various friends' accounts made me anticipate like a willing martyr with somewhat "fearful" joy. Nether riding garments, a serge skirt, and warm jacket—for the cold would be bitter on the mountains before sunrise and towards evening—was the sage counsel given me, which was gratefully followed.

"And at Mendoza buy one of the enormous straw hats sold there to wear going over the mountains. They're tied down with white tape to keep the sharp air and sun from one's ears and neck. Everyone gets them."

I did so too, but modified the rigour of the law by black satin ribbons tying over my hat gipsy-wise. Also a gauze veil, long enough to cross behind and swathe round the neck—a Buenos Ayres purchase which nearly reduced me to bankruptcy, costing about five shillings. The effect of that hat was prodigious. In size, if placed on a pole, it would almost shelter four at a tea and tennis party.

"Above all things, do not wash your face for three days!" was the crowning sentence of warning. "Oh, of course if you like your skin to peel off, do! Otherwise you must use vaseline or cold cream."

This simple toilet made, dinner followed in a whitewashed room. My three English friends and myself occupied chairs of honour at the head of the table; the other eight or ten travellers came next; while the guides and some very indifferent company were seated lower down on benches.

The meal had several courses; some rather tough, to the sorrow rather than anger of a French neighbour. In the bustle of departure this morning, a kind somebody had vaguely presented him and some other fellow-passengers, urging hurriedly upon them the high responsibility of taking care of me on the morrow.

"If Madame will allow me the honour, as we are

all fellow-travellers and in republican countries," smiled the little Gaul politely. He now at dinner explained with simple frankness: "Madame perhaps does not know that I am a hotel-keeper myself. Mine, if I may say so, is perhaps the biggest hotel of Santiago—the Oddo; still, I know what *can be* done even among these mountains."

The meal over, I said farewell to the engineers whose society had dispersed all possible feeling of loneliness during the day's interesting journey.

"We are bound to work slowly up the valley to-morrow where our line is to be continued," said the chief. "Remember, should you feel too tired half-way to go on, you may count on seeing us in the evening at Las Cuevas; but it is pleasanter for yourself to push on to Juncal, if you can."

Retiring to my den with this assurance, the *capatas* and a lantern guided my stumbling steps across the yard. And so to bed—a fair enough seeming one—but not to rest.

I have slept through the worst thunderstorms on land; and in a severe gale or two at sea; can dream peacefully sitting bolt upright all night in a train; or while a steamer is coaling till daybreak with the winches working beside my cabin port. But the test of Las Vacas was too much!

Between fevered dozes and frantic starts, making vain sorties armed with candle and insect-powder against invisible attacking foes—so the horrid hours passed.

Well, to-morrow would see me in Chili!

MAY CROMMELIN.

The Journey's End.

A YOUTH stood at the gate of day,
Before him like a level plain
The vast untravell'd country lay.

He dreamt not that the hills were high,
The rivers swoll'n with snows and rain,
The desert places parch'd and dry.

He thought to win his way to fame,
And dying, not have lived in vain
So that he left a deathless name.

This hope alone was in his soul,
This one ambition fired his brain,
So fared he forward to his goal.

A man stood at the gate of night,
So worn he scarce remembered
His early visions fair and bright.

For he had scaled the mountains high,
And heard the voice of thunders dread,
And thirsted in the deserts dry.

Still, he had seen his glory flame,
What time through all the earth had sped
The rolling echoes of his name.

And there alone, at last and late,
With all ambition dull and dead,
He groped before the Shadowed Fate.

Then down from the Eternal Throne
There swept an awful voice that said,
"Fool, thou hast lived for self alone;

"To-night thy soul required shall be,
And where are now thine honours fled?
And what are name and fame to thee?"

JAMES STRANG.

CHILDERLAND SKETCHES.

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, AUTHOR OF "IN THOUGHTLAND AND IN DREAMLAND," ETC.



SUGAR AND SPICE.

"**A**RE children dying out?" is a question which is being asked.
Surely no.

There are full as many children in the world as there ever were. They are everywhere; they are even in the high schools. The thought of a person in a short frock, who learns Euclid and algebra, and Latin and German, is a little alarming. One fancies that she can scarcely be a child; but that is a mistake. A high-school child, the other day, was asked to tell a story, and told one of a queen. Now it is only a child who, when a story is called for, at once tells one of a queen. In the course of the story she said, "Then the queen went into the garden *behind her palace*." This was a child of London. The palace of her queen had a hall-door on the street.

There are children even in London, and most quaint fancies some of them have.

Children dying out, indeed; not they!

Let no one imagine either that they are growing too learned. One of them writes on the chapter of nouns:

"Nouns are of two kinds, proper and improper."

As long as a child retains this sort of idea, and records it for men and angels to smile at, let no one croak. Another defines *prose fiction* as "news-papers"—a thing, this, which one ponders in one's heart. They are studying Shakespeare in the high schools. With what result? With this, in the case of one child. It being required of her to "write what is known of Shakespeare," she sends in a large foolscap page, in the centre of which is penned the epigram:

"Shakespeare was a poet, who wrote plays for the stage."

Particularly neat that, in a century in which so many poets have written plays for the boudoir. It

is more than neat, it is brilliant—none the less so that it is unconscious. And so it would appear that even the brilliant child has not become a thing of the past, in spite of a system of education which is said to suppress originality. The dear blockhead has likewise not ceased to be. She writes in 1890: "The feminine of dog is cat," "The female of monk is monkey," "The plural of potato is cabbage."

True, those dreadful beings, precocious little children, also exist, children who seem to have no touch of nature in them, who like their tea without sugar, prefer plain bread-and-butter to cake, who think evening parties "tiahsome," and life a burden and themselves misunderstood. They exist; but they have always existed. Terribly great must have been the number of them when Queen Elizabeth was a little child, and sat for that picture which was displayed in the Tudor Exhibition of 1890. Here is a little person, with a world of care in her thin lips, who peers at you from small, sharp eyes. Her dress clings tightly (cruelly tightly) to her. This poor child, that was so rich a child, wears sad black jet, and has in one starved hand a needle, in the other a strip of embroidery, over which she toils all the daylong hours that she does not toil over a copybook.

It is with relief that one turns from her to the children of our much-abused century. Five of these children are described beneath.

DORRY.

DORRY was one of three little children who were not wise at all. Many facts might be cited in proof of this, but to cite one fact will be sufficient. They lived in a street which had ending in a blind alley. It was the opinion of the oldest among them that the world ended there.

They were lady-children, and they were poor—that is to say, their mother (they had no father) was

a lady, and she was not rich at all. They were taught all things that pertain to ladyhood; these primarily—gentleness, truthfulness, faithfulness. They were taught to share all things.

Once they were reduced to having among them only one farthing, and they resolved to turn this cash into commodity, and to share that. So they went to a sweet-shop.

Outside the shop-door they consulted as to who should go in. Norah, the eldest, was always fairly presentable; Lizbeth, the second, was never presentable at all; Dorry was neat, but so extremely young. It was resolved that all three had better go in; and the next thing was to come to an agreement as to what they meant to say. This done, they entered bravely, and, holding each other's hands, said in one voice:

"A quarter of an ounce of sweets, please, and we should like them mixed."

There was a great silence when the three voices ceased to speak. The shop-owner said nothing.

Do you happen to have noticed this kind of man?—He is short. At first sight he appears to be greater in breadth than in length; but that is an optical delusion, the length has slightly the advantage. He has fat hands, the fingers are spatulate, and he has a dimple for every finger. As for his face, it is altogether made up of crinkles, wrinkles, and twinkles, and though it isn't in the least lovely, and is very red where it is not very black, you feel that what is not of earth in it is wholly of heaven, so kind is it.

This was the sort of man that looked across the counter at the three little children. He did not laugh. Perhaps he saw that the three faces were greatly flushed; perhaps he had taken the farthing, and felt that it was hot—you don't trust a farthing when it is all your earthly wealth to a pocket, you keep it in your hand; perhaps he saw that the little girls were very poorly clad for lady's daughters; perhaps he saw all this; it is impossible to say how much he saw, but this is what happened. He took down three jars of sweets, and took three sweets from each, and put them in a bag; and that he did again; and then again; and then he put a bag of sweets into the hand of each little girl—there was no weighing of them at all—and then, as six big eyes beamed on him like six brown stars (a fig for him who says that there are no such things as brown stars), he sneezed into a red handkerchief that was covered with white moons, and strode away, quite overcome by his feelings.

Somebody else was quite overcome by her feelings. Outside the shop-door there happened this thing. The youngest little girl went up to a market-donkey and said that she must kiss it, and kissed it, and then kissed it again, and then again, just because her heart was bursting with love and gratitude, and the market-donkey reminded her of the sweetie-man, whom she might not kiss, for this thing happened in pre-democratic days twenty years ago, when a little lady-girl might not kiss a sweetie-man. Now, never say you doubt the story of the donkey, because the little girl was sweet, quaint Dorry, who really lived, and of whom are elsewhere told all other things that may be told.

ELSPIE.

ELSPIE was six when what is here to be recounted happened. She was a fat little body, with gipsy black hair and gipsy black eyes, a little nose that turned up, and a little mouth that turned down. She was standing in undress. The dear round face had just had the sleep sluiced out of it, the throat and neck were cool with recent washing. The curly hair was tumbled; little wet tags hung over Elspie's forehead, among them one glistening curl that had somehow escaped wetting. Her feet were bare; her dress was still of the scantiest—to the waist only what she called her shimmy, to the knees a red flannel petticoat. The shimmy had "come unbuttoned," and the tiny soft neck was visible. Impossible to tell how pretty it was, and how pretty was the soft brown throat with a crinkle for a necklace, and how pretty were the round, small arms, with dimples for elbows. Elspie was getting up, and the moment had come for saying her prayers, which consisted of what her mother called the Lord's Prayer and the Little Prayer. The Little Prayer was of Elspie's own composition, and was made up of these two petitions:

"Please, God, bless muffer and papa, and everyone everywhere, and everyfing; and please bless me!"

This prayer would seem to comprehend all things. There was great goodwill in it, and yet no morbid effacement of self. But Elspie to-day had more to say. She looked up.

"Do you fink, muffer, God would listen to a P.S.?"

Elspie does not write; but she keeps several secretaries busy conducting for her a large correspondence. The addendum always contains the plum of this correspondence, and any addendum is, to Elspie, a P.S.

Her mother keeps the grave face which only mothers can keep when little children set hearts laughing. "Certainly," she says, "add a P.S. if you like; God will listen."

So Elspie adds:

"P.S. Will you, God, please smooof *some* of my curls?"

Elspie's curls have become a trouble to her, because, as she explains, the comb gets "caught" in them. Having made this petition, she rises with happy eyes; for she has a feeling that the curl which falls over her ear has been raised, and that some one has whispered into it: "Yes, Elspie, we'll see to this in heaven; we'll make a particular note of it."

Such dear familiar friends are God and little children. Think back, you who read. If ever you were a true little child, your arms have been about His neck, and you have hidden your face in His bosom, and—gathered by Him to His heart—have told Him things more wonderful than poet's fancy ever wove. There lives one now who as a little child asked of Him *to make the moon shine every night, and He needn't mind about the stars*. She didn't think much of the stars, she said, they were such "lifful fings."

THE NICE LITTLE CHILD.

THE grandmother always had in the pocket of her flannel petticoat a little bag of oatmeal.

She was a very small, very frail old lady, who wore in summer more petticoats than any lady now living wears in winter, while in winter she wore more petticoats than any lady now living wears in the four seasons.

It was a winter's day about ten years ago, and this dear lady formed one of a number of ladies at an At Home. They were divesting themselves of out-of-door wraps with the aid of a neat, civil maid, whom the old lady stigmatised as "une minx," because she wore a forehead fringe. The grandmother knew very little French, in fact, little more than the articles and the auxiliaries. These she would use, supplying the rest of the sentence in frank English, and remaining under the impression that she was puzzling the subject of her comments. On the occasion of this At Home, she was standing in a window recess, lifting up carefully the right-hand side of her dress, a meagre silk; she then lifted up an embroidered white petticoat, then a striped calico petticoat, then a spotted merino, then a padded satin petticoat, and still—here the eyes of *la minx* sparkled—she looked for her flannel petticoat.

"Can it be," she said in alarm, "that I have forgotten my flannel petticoat? Little girl, go away!"—this to a small daughter of the house, who had strayed in, and who now said charmingly, "I want to help you, if I may."

The grandmother dropped all her skirts, then she said:

"Well, dear, you seem a nice little child, and your eyes are brighter than mine. I want to find my flannel petticoat."

"Let us go through all the petticoats again," said the nice little child.

The grandmother lifted up gingerly her meagre silk dress, then the embroidered white petticoat, then the plain one, then the striped calico, then the spotted merino, then the padded satin, and then—

"Stop! we've come to the flannel one," said the nice little child.

The grandmother was greatly pleased.

"Quite right, my dear. Now, could you find the pocket in it for me? I've got so flurried, and the others are waiting. Just look for it, and when you find it, put your hand in (I hope your little hand is quite clean), and take out a little bag."

The nice little child did all this.

"Now you may go, my dear," said the grandmother, turning away, and dipping her nose into the meal.

The nice little child grasped the situation at once.

"I'll fetch you a hand-glass," she said; and fetched it, adding, "I'll hold it, while you whitey yourself."

The grandmother seemed rather taken aback, but the little face raised to hers was quite solemn; so she sanctioned the arrangement, explaining as she did so: "I don't powder, my dear; I use oatmeal."

The little girl did not seem to see the nice distinction, but she nodded quietly.

"You see, I don't like to have a shining face, my dear," said the grandmother. "No lady has a shining face. Now, good-bye, my pet, and say your prayers before you go to bed; for though, remember, we may never meet again in this world, I want to see you in heaven."

The way in which the grandmother took it for granted that a place in heaven was certainly reserved for herself, brought no smile to the nice little child's face; but she said, with a pretty note of regret:

"I'm afraid you won't like to be in heaven, for we shall all, my nurse says, have shining faces there. Good-night."

So saying, she lifted to the grandmother's old powdered face her young shining one, and then she trotted off to bed. But that is not the end. Late that night, when almost all the guests had gone, one stole up to the little child's room, just to get a peep of her; and there she lay, with a great moonbeam just across her, and, as the visitor leaned down to kiss her, she sat up, and said: "Is it morning already? You have waked me from such a pretty dream. I dreamt that dear old lady was in heaven with a shining face, and was looking through all her petticoats for the little oatmeal bag, and I was just going to help her."



A DORCAS MEETING

I could believe that this little girl was made of sugar with, perhaps, a dash of spice. In that best grace, which is called graciousness, no little child whom I have ever known approached her.

ELLIE.

ELLIE two years ago lived altogether with her dolls. The affair with the doctor and the three duchesses, which I am about to relate, happened on Ellie's birthday. She had gone about all day with light in her eyes; for this was a red-letter day, and there was a party to celebrate it—a small party, made up of Ellie, her two sisters, and three visitors. The visitors, though it was still early afternoon, were all three in evening dress—low bodies and short sleeves. They were grown-up ladies, with trains, but all wore baby-shoes, and the hair of all was hanging down. They were quite evidently painted; in fact, they looked like nothing so much as three second-rate persons; but Ellie's introduction of them showed them to be gentlewomen of the highest rank. She named them as the Duchesses of You Know-Where, the Lady Angela, the Lady Angelica, and the Lady Angelina. The Lady Angela, at the very beginning of her tea, fell under the chair, whereat the Lady Angelica, literally very much upset, bowed her face upon the table. Only the Lady Angelina sat bolt upright, with true distinction, keeping an unmoved countenance. Ellie gave her a hearty kiss for that, then gave the Lady Angela a very good whipping, whereupon she stiffened up "silly old Jelly," as she called the second duchess—the Lady Angelica. After this, the tea passed off peacefully. Carriages were ordered at seven; but before half-past six had struck, Ellie went to her mother. She did not say anything, but laid her head on her mother's lap, the black eyes down and the black curls up.

"Well, sweetheart?"

"My sash is so tight, mother."

This in a deep voice, the face down.

Her mother loosened her sash.

"My frock is so tight, mother."

Her mother loosened the frock.

"My petticoats are so tight, mother."

Her mother loosened the petticoats, and said:

"Anything else tight, my darling?"

"Yes," with a little sob.

Her mother loosened all bands, and the little child still moaned.

"Darling, you must be ill. You promised me to eat no cake. Did you eat any?"

"No, none at all, mother." A sigh. "The Duchesses were so tiresome, mother! I think that's what made me ill. I feel bruised all over."

"Bruised!"

The mother smiled amid her anxiety.

Then she kissed the flushed face, and carried the heavy, hot child to bed.

Weary were the six weeks that followed, with death so near. But Ellie recovered, and thanked the doctor.

"I want," she said, sitting up in bed with big, bright eyes, "to thank you—for all of us."

A puzzled face was turned to the mother.

"What does she mean?"

"She means that she and those three gentlewomen want to kiss you. They have been talking over her recovery."

The three painted duchesses, all of them in bed, fully dressed, with their shoes on, lay back on the pillow with great wide-open eyes and foolish smiles.

"I hope, Ellie, those dreadful ladies are not going to kiss me; but if you will give me four kisses, one for you, and one for each of them, I shall consider myself a happy man."

Ellie put her arms round the doctor's neck, and then her soft lips touched his face four times, as she bravely bore the pricks of the bristling grey moustache, after which she said in her sweet, grave voice—

"We thank you—so much."

"What a sweet little child it is!" said the doctor, with glistening eyes, as he left the house. Meanwhile Ellie kissed each of the duchesses again.

"Dears, I am so glad you are not dukes, cos then you'd have moustaches. And now we'll all go to sleep again."

And then the four ladies—Angela, Angelica, Angelina, and Angel—went asleep. Angel still sleeps. She fell into a deep rest the year after, and they laid her in a quiet place, with daisies at her feet and head. The three duchesses look sadder ever since. . . . One cannot write about it.

PEARL.

PEARL'S story is a novel, and these are the outlines of it.

Pearl had taken for her life's maxim the second portion of Charles Kingsley's familiar piece of counsel—"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." It was quite impossible to teach her anything, for the simple reason that she refused to see the necessity of being taught. After a year's course of grammar, the examiner found her to be under the impression that gander was "the female of a goose." It was thought by Pearl's mother that Pearl had better give up grammar, and confine herself to the study of literature, as appealing more to the imagination. They tried a course of Shakespeare with Pearl. Her Shakespeariana were peculiar. "Shakespeare," she wrote, with fine simplicity, "was the man who wrote Shakespeare's plays."

This was the sort of thing which her teachers called "bald."

Being asked to give an instance of humour in Shakespeare, Pearl named the stage-direction in "Julius Caesar"—*Enter Caesar in his night-gown*; adding, "This is very funny." Henry V. was dismissed with this comment, "Not a hero; he told a fib." The great Julius was summed up as "Nothing particular; deaf in one ear."

Pearl's mother wished her to be taught composition. An essay with the picturesque title "London in the Morning" begins—

"London in the morning is a pretty site, people walking and driving, and clerks partaking themselves to the city on horses and on bicycles."

No one could deny that this is—pretty.

The following fine bit of philosophy, indignantly

struck through by a Philistine of a master, heads another essay :

"If I could choose one great thing to be different in this world, I would say, let it be as it is."

Pearl's knowledge of zoology was limited, as shown in the statement—"Sealskins are soft, and live in the sea."

She did not care for zoology, but botany had charms for her, and her definition of a tree ran—"A tree is a immense flower, mostly leaves."

Her spelling, almost always, as in the above, incorrect, was sometimes pretty, as in "she weeped" for "she wept"; and sometimes witty, as in "the sauce of the Thames."

"Little donkey"—"little goose"—so her friends called Pearl, yet the world held not anything less like a donkey or a goose to look at than Pearl. She had eyes the colour of blue forget-me-nots, and lips the colour of red geranium-blossom. She was taller than the tallest lily, and straight as it, and pure as it. And a poet knelt at her feet, and said he would not rise until she said of her great goodness that she would be his queen. And she said she would.

She is his happy wife to-day, and a prince and princess have been born. All babies, of course, are princes and princesses. They become commoners afterwards—some of them.



AN EDITION DE LUXE.

A COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE.

BY PHYLIS BROWNE.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

A LOOK of bewilderment came over the faces of one or two of the assembled members of the Home Parliament when Mr. Speaker Brown made the announcement that Co-operative Housekeeping was to be the subject of discussion for the evening. These friends had an idea that co-operation in this form was not in the region of practical topics, and their ideas concerning it were somewhat vague. However, they determined to listen patiently, hoping for enlightenment.

Mr. Edward Jones opened the debate. He said: "I suppose that we may take it for granted that in these days housekeeping for people of moderate means is becoming more and more difficult. This is partly because mistresses are growing weary of it, and partly because the young women for whom domestic service is best suited seem to dislike and scorn it, and prefer to go to factories and to work at sewing-machines. Thus it comes about that

good well-trained servants, and especially cooks, become more and more scarce every day.

"Another reason that might be mentioned is, that the standard of living is much higher and more expensive than it used to be, and therefore beyond the means of persons of limited income. For these and other causes too numerous to mention a large number of the women upon whom the duties of housekeeping devolve regard themselves as martyrs, and want to escape from their thralldom, and a larger number perform their task in a half-hearted, perfunctory way, and make an entire failure of it. It is almost impossible to do anything well without enthusiasm, and of enthusiasm for housekeeping there is now absolutely none.

"It is reasonable to expect that during the next fifty years housekeeping will undergo as many changes as it has done during the last fifty years, and many persons believe and hope that the chief

of these changes will be that housekeepers will learn to adopt the method of co-operation. They would have a certain number of families unite together, take a large house convenient for their purpose, have a capable and experienced manager, and pass over to her the business of keeping house. That is one scheme that has been suggested. Another scheme is, that the ladies at the head of the various families should call a meeting, draw up plans, and divide the duties of housekeeping amongst themselves, each one undertaking that part of the work which is most congenial to her. Thus the talents and powers which are now wasted would be utilised to the full. There are very few people in this world who have not a special gift for doing some one thing. That one thing they enjoy doing, they do it with ease, and they do it well. Unfortunately, the necessities of life too often compel people to do work that is not agreeable to them, and then they do their work badly.

"If people would co-operate, and each woman take the work that suits her, and that she can do, life would be much more enjoyable, and the work would be better done. Then, too, money would go much farther if families would co-operate. One kitchen-fire would as easily cook the dinner for three families as it would for one; fewer servants also would be needed if families clubbed together, and had meals and sitting-rooms in common. There is no doubt that many advantages belong to the scheme, and also many disadvantages. Perhaps a little discussion of the subject will enable us to make up our minds which of the two over-balance the other."

"I should not imagine that there is room for two opinions on the matter," said Mrs. Brown, rising almost before Mr. Jones had time to resume his seat. "It would be impossible to adopt co-operative housekeeping without sacrificing Home, and that to English people would be misery."

"Even if it were true that in co-operative housekeeping we have the key to the union of convenience and economy, I should still maintain that there is no likelihood that it will ever be adopted, simply because it is impracticable. To be successful, good sound common-sense must be at the basis of a movement, and in co-operative housekeeping there is no sense. The idea is fanciful, the offspring of a vivid imagination; it might work well enough on paper, but in real life it would never answer. It is simply the expression of a theory; and what are theories worth in actual experience? They are worth nothing at all."

"I should like to ask our friends who advocate the adoption of radical changes of this kind, What class of people do you propose to benefit by your scheme? The rich will not have anything to do with it, for they do not need it. It is even more unlikely that the poor will avail themselves of it, for they are most difficult to move. They will not go out of their accustomed track for anyone. They are prejudiced to a degree, and most unwilling to try new methods. For years district visitors and active philanthropists have been trying all they know to get the poor to use economical nitrogenous foods, such as haricot beans, maize, and lentils. But most of them refuse to do it."

The majority prefer the miserable diet to which they have been accustomed. It takes centuries to make people of this class welcome a new idea, and co-operative housekeeping is not merely a new idea—it is a revolutionary one.

"We may, then, put aside the rich and the poor for our co-operative housekeeping, and the middle-class alone remains. The new arrangement will, however, never suit them. They are too independent for it, and, moreover, they are quite able to manage their own affairs. It would be impertinent to ask them to give up their pleasant homes and go to live in a boarding-house; for boarding-house life and co-operative housekeeping are very much the same thing."

"Of course they are the same thing," said Mrs. Aitchison, who was the next speaker; "and a very miserable substitute for home life hotel life or boarding-house life is. Those who have to put up with it get very weary of it; they say the fare is so monotonous. Lazy people and incompetent people might like co-operative housekeeping, but energetic, managing people never would put up with it."

"Mr. Jones surely is mistaken when he says that there are no good housekeepers in these days, and that enthusiasm for housekeeping does not exist. There never was a time when housekeeping was so well done and so easily done. Wonderful stories are told of the ignorance and pretentiousness of our girls, but, so far as my experience goes, they are very wide of the mark. Women of education and refinement are generally proud to say that they understand housekeeping and cookery, and some of the most talented women of the day prove this talent by managing their homes well. We all know that the daughters of our Queen are very domesticated, and the Empress of Germany is a notable housewife. There is at present a fashion for domesticity, and, like all other fashions, it is sure to filter downwards. Is this the time, then, for women to talk of giving up the home?"

"I am glad to hear that Mrs. Aitchison thinks there are still good housekeepers to be found," said Lilian Brown, "for I thought Mr. Jones was a little hard upon women. When he said that half the women who took up housekeeping make a failure of it, I felt inclined to ask him if it is more usual for women to fail in housekeeping than it is for men to fail in business. After all, keeping house is for a great many women what keeping a shop or following a trade is for men, and it is only one here and there who succeeds brilliantly with either. The rest either just get along and 'make it do,' or else they become bankrupt. On the whole, the average woman is quite as successful in her department as the average man is in his."

"Quite true, Lilian," said Miss Rogers. "I am glad you have put that point. Mr. Jones was rather severe, without doubt, and also the ladies who have spoken against co-operative housekeeping were very uncompromising in their condemnation of it. Yet I cannot but think that they have not read the signs of the times; nor have they realised how far we have already gone on the road that leads to co-operation. It is useless to say that we will not talk of it. The time for talking of it is gone by; in a modified form it is an accomplished fact."

"If all the accounts we hear be true, the house-keeping of fifty years ago was a much more serious piece of business than ours is. If our grandmothers were to see the work we get done 'outside,' or, in other words, how we induce persons outside our own families to co-operate with us, they would blush for their degenerate descendants. My great-grandmother spun the thread of which her household linen was woven. I am very glad indeed that I do not feel it to be my duty to do anything of the sort. I very much prefer buying my linen by the yard. She made candles and soap for the household; I burn gas or oil, and have a much better light. She cured her own bacon, and made pickles, sauces, and a dozen other household supplies that I buy of the grocer. She washed, starched, and ironed at home, baked bread at home, made the clothes of the family at home, and did any amount of fancy work besides; while I send the washing out, buy bread at the baker's, and if I am in pressing need of a new garment I can go into the draper's and get one ready made. She felt ashamed if her polished steel grates did not shine like silver; I think my tiled hearths very much prettier, yet they can be washed and put in good condition in a few minutes. She concocted medicines for her family, and doctored her neighbours; I have too much respect for my own constitution to do anything of the sort. If our great-grandmothers could come to pay us a visit, and see how in our households there is no washing-day, no ironing-day, no baking-day, they would think we had nothing to do, and wonder how we spent our time. They would be very much astonished if we told them that, although we had not yet actually adopted co-operative housekeeping, we were still managing our homes on the lines that led to it."

"Miss Rogers might have told us of other ways in which we co-operate with others for the benefit of all concerned," said Dr. Anstey, taking up the theme. "The flats that are now so popular are a form of co-operation. I have been told that in some of these flats there is one kitchen for many families, and it is presided over by a high-class cook, such a man as only the richest single families are able to employ. Provisions are bought wholesale, and there is a variety in the fare not possible in an ordinary household with its own kitchen. The housemaids are also supplied by the manager, in whose pay and under whose discipline they are; and the establishment furnishes, besides, mechanics and porters for the common convenience."

"Arrangements of the sort described possess many advantages, without doubt," said Uncle Gregory, "but the remark I feel inclined to make about them is, that they are the result of commercial speculation; they are not a form of co-operation. In the latter there must surely be a combination of several individual forces for the mutual good. I should have thought that the people's kitchens and the cooking-centres of Vienna were more like true co-operation. There was a very interesting account of one of these kitchens in a recent article in the 'Nineteenth Century.' In Vienna, it appears, there is a complete system of people's kitchens,

where a man can buy for fourpence as much well-cooked nutritive food as he can eat. This kitchen is a business undertaking, not a charity; it is a restaurant organised on a self-supporting basis. The man who dines there pays for his dinner its full cost, though its bare cost. The price of every portion of food he eats is fixed with due regard, not only to the cost of its ingredients, but of the fire at which it is cooked, of the wages of those who cook it, and of the rent of the house in which it is eaten. I have heard that there is a prospect that people's kitchens of the kind will be established before long in London, and if this should be done we shall have co-operative housekeeping for the people without more ado. It is but a popular adaptation of the system of city restaurants.

"In Germany and France people's kitchens are increasing year by year, and we may expect that before long they will be as popular with us as they are with our Continental neighbours. Then, we have public wash-houses and public baths; what do we want more?"

"I wonder," said Mr. Smith, "if any of our friends remember a book, that made a talk a few years ago, called 'Looking Backward.' It was an account of a singular dream in which the world was made happy by being drilled to work as an army is, every man working for twenty-five years in one of ten immense brigades, and in which the State did everything—reared and educated the children, saw after the housekeeping, did the washing for the community at public laundries, and cooked all the food at public kitchens. It was a dream not likely to be a reality, for a while at any rate, but I mention it because its author devised also a very elaborate scheme for co-operative housekeeping, which was interesting, if not very practicable.

"He divided housekeeping into three branches, namely, laundry-work, chamber and parlour work, with cleaning, and cooking, including table service. The laundry-work he proposed should be done at public laundries, and he advised that a number of ladies should call a meeting, appoint managers, draw up plans, and begin to work the scheme, dividing the work, whilst enabling the families to live separately in the usual way. The same group of ladies were then to start a co-operative kitchen. They were to employ the best caterer and cooks they could find; and in order to give the caterer the best advantage of buying wholesale, and to prevent waste, a point was to be made of receiving all orders for meals twelve hours in advance, with extra charges for delayed orders. It was believed that the manager of such a kitchen could and would be able to buy food to better advantage, to cook it with greater skill, and serve it with greater precision and daintiness than the average housekeeper could purchase it or the average domestic cook it and serve it, and do the whole with a saving to all concerned, both of worry and of money."

"I did not see the account of the scheme you talk of," said Mrs. Smith, "but it must have been very entertaining. I can imagine that, driven by desperation, anxious housekeepers might adopt co-operative methods for laundry-work and cookery;

but I cannot see how they could co-operate for miscellaneous work about the house. How would that be managed?"

"If I remember rightly," said Mr. Smith, "the idea was that the committee of ladies who organised the whole affair should establish an employment agency, to be worked, not for profit, but for cost. To this agency all the ladies would agree to give their work, state their requirements, and pay for service by the hour, in all cases making payment to the agency, and not to the worker. The agency would then employ the people necessary, and assume responsibility for their conduct. In order to secure fair play for the workers, a rule would be laid down that no domestic should be liable to rebuke or dismissal upon the complaint of an employer representing the employer's interests alone. Moreover, unreasonable conduct on the part of an employer should result in the suspension of the latter from the privileges of the co-operative organisation."

"Rules of the kind might ensure fair play for the workers," said Mrs. Edward Jones; "but it seems to me that with an arrangement of that sort mistresses would have even more worry than they have now. After hearing suggestions of this kind, I feel inclined to say to my friends, 'Let us conquer our difficulties in housekeeping, for the alternatives presented to us as a cure for them are much worse than they.' With the co-operative housekeeping that has been described to us the state of things would be intolerable. Mistresses would not be allowed to dismiss or reprove a servant, and yet they would be liable to have a new maid about the house every day in the year. We all dislike changing servants, because we dread having strange people about us, who are not familiar with 'our way' of doing things, and do not know where articles should be placed. Instead of training a girl to do our work every two or three years, we should have the anxiety and discomfort of continual change. Certainly a scheme of that sort would never answer."

"You need not be uneasy, my dear Mrs. Jones," here interposed Mrs. Saunders; "the plan is not in the least practical. As I listened to Mr. Smith's account of it, I was reminded of Mrs. Glasse's celebrated directions for juggling a hare. Do you remember the recipe which is so often quoted? It begins, 'First catch your hare.' So we might say to the enthusiasts for co-operation: 'First catch your co-operators.' We should all be willing to let some one else try a scheme of this kind, and then hear how they got on, but we should none of us be willing to make the experiment on our own account."

"The public kitchens and the public laundries may, perhaps, in course of time be used by the majority of people. We should be wise to hesitate before we pronounce decidedly against them, because we may have to adopt them; and it is easy to understand that they offer many conveniences, and may prove a great help to harassed housekeepers. Miss Rogers has reminded us that many things are now bought ready made that used to be made at home, and much work is now done by outsiders that formerly devolved upon the members of the family. We have, however, altered for the better

in this respect. It was undoubtedly the case, as we have read, that the old-fashioned household was like a fortress, manned, victualled, and provided for a siege, and capable of self-dependent existence for an indefinite period. It is by no means improbable, also, that the improvement will go on, and that our children's children will have found out simpler methods, and will be possessed of appliances that will make housework much less wearisome and more interesting than it now is."

"I was told not long ago of a much more interesting experiment in co-operative housekeeping than those of which we have heard to-night," said Maud Brown. "It was actually tried amongst some women who were living in one of the Western States of America. These women had to work very hard, and they had a severe struggle to get along. They had very little money, and had no means of earning any more, and they were all overworked. At last a brilliant idea of co-operation occurred to one of them. She called her neighbours together, and made a speech to them. She said: 'I beg to propose that we give up pretending, and try if we cannot divide our work. We have none of us any money. We have all turned our dresses and jackets, and every turnable thing, as many times as they can be turned, and we are all going without as hard as we can. We have all so much to do that we can none of us read, or rest, or do anything but grind at the day's work from early morning to late night. Let us "change off," and see if in that way we cannot make time, and get a little ease. Here is Mrs. M——. She dislikes needlework, and she has three girls to be dressed. But she has a washing-machine, and she says she likes to wash. How would it be if three or four of us were to take her sewing and mending off her hands, and she were to do our washing?'"

"The suggestion made in this way was carried out by five families. The woman who liked washing washed for them all, and she handed over her dress-making and mending to her neighbours. They organised a sort of tea, and met at one another's houses, and one read while the rest worked. Green's 'History of the English People' was the first book chosen, and it was very much enjoyed. After about three months the house-keeping of the small community was systematised. One of the women had a talent for trimming hats and bonnets; another one was clever at making buttonholes, but could do nothing else. They changed about in everything, till each one was doing the work that was easiest to her; with the result that they all had more time than they had ever had before. After a while it was arranged that one of the women should make the bread and cakes, and another do the cleaning. The work of seven households was spread about and divided, and the thing was a great success."

"Your friends were very clever and enterprising, Maud, without doubt," said Miss Saunders, "but it would scarcely be possible for us to imitate them. Our difficulties are on different lines from theirs. There is, however, a practical way of looking at this question from our point of view which ought to be mentioned, and I am astonished that none

of our friends have referred to it. Modified forms of co-operative housekeeping in the shape of public kitchens we all seem to approve, and we agree that in time we may learn to use them. Meantime, why should we not adopt co-operation in the family as it is at present constituted? We say that wives and mothers and heads of families have difficulties to encounter in management. Yet their difficulties would disappear to a great extent if husbands and sons, sisters and daughters, would co-operate with them. When all the members of a family pull together the affairs of the household are not so very hard to arrange. The burden is unreasonably heavy when one person has to carry it; if all would take their turn in bearing it, it would scarcely be felt.

"You will not, I hope, misunderstand me, and imagine that I wish gentlemen and busy people to share in household work; that is not my meaning at all. I only wish to say that I regard it as the duty of every individual member of a family to aim at making things easy and pleasant for the rest. We often hear it said, Home is Woman's sphere. Home is Man's sphere also. It takes two to make a home, though, unfortunately, one is quite sufficient to spoil it. What discomfort one untidy person can make in a home! Half the housekeeper's difficulties would vanish if that one sinner would mend his ways. What misery a

peevish or irritable person causes; what annoyance an unpunctual person creates! We were told that in the scheme of co-operation devised by the author of 'Looking Backward' meals were to be bespoken twelve hours in advance, and unreasonable complaints were to be visited with the grumbler's suspension from the privileges of the organisation. Why should not rules of this sort be made under the present régime? Co-operative housekeeping of this description is practical and eminently desirable."

Miss Saunders's suggestion was received with a murmur of assent, and as it died away Mr. Brown prepared to leave the chair. Before doing so, however, he announced that the next meeting of the Home Parliament would be set aside for answering a batch of questions now awaiting reply. When the Committee of the Whole House was appointed it had been intended to answer the questions that were sent in regularly at every meeting, before the discussions came on. But it had been found that to do this would occupy too much time, and therefore the questions were to be taken all at once, and answered together. A number of questions were already down on the board, and patient inquirers were asked to pardon the unavoidable delay that had occurred with regard to them. Mr. Brown's apology was accepted, and the meeting separated.

Varieties.

New Zealand Alps.—In the "Leisure Hour" Varieties for April reference was made to the expedition last year led by Mr. Conway, of Himalayan fame, whose book, descriptive of "the Alps from end to end," was about mountains long familiar in the Western world. Mr. Conway has been detained preparing his book, but some of his Alpine comrades have since distinguished themselves by an expedition to the Alps of New Zealand. Mr. E. Fitzgerald, a member also of the Alpine Club, the companion of Mr. Conway last summer, has made the ascent of at least five peaks, hitherto unclimbed in New Zealand. One of them, Mount Tasman, is described as the second highest mountain in the islands of New Zealand. It is said that Mount Cook has also been ascended. Zurbriggen, the Swiss guide, who was with Mr. Conway in the Himalayas, was with Mr. Fitzgerald. An account of the expedition will probably be given at the Ipswich meeting of the British Association in August as well as at the Royal Geographical Society.

Metropolitan Open Spaces.—The places opened during a year for the health and recreation of the people make a long list. Most of them are old churchyards and burial-grounds, which form safe and useful recreation-grounds for their neighbourhoods, especially for the young. In not a few there are historical memorials, which are in most cases preserved. Two of the latest spaces opened for public use are Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the ground in Tottenham Court Road near the Tabernacle where Whitfield's preaching was once famous, and whose name consecrates the ground,

opened with much ceremony by Sir John Hutton when chairman of the last County Council. The Tabernacle site is redolent of evangelistic memories, from the days of Toplady and Whitfield to the middle of our century. The Lincoln's Inn Field enclosure was famous in the history of London, and appears in many records formerly as a place of waste and disorder till, for the peace and safety of the neighbourhood, it was enclosed and railed in. For some years the place has been occasionally opened during vacation times at the Law Courts, but is now thrown open for all in every season. The provision of regular park-keepers is necessary for peace and order. One memorable incident connected with Lincoln's Inn Fields in the old time is that Lord William Russell, the patriot, was executed there by the express order of King James II., that his execution might be seen from his house in Bloomsbury—a strange illustration of the changes in London during two centuries since that time.

Worth, the Man Dressmaker.—That the death of Mr. Charles Worth should be made the topic of a leader in the "Times," as well as recorded in all journals of fashion in every land, might surprise some readers. But the facts are worthy of record. Born at Bourne, Lincolnshire, in 1825, the son of a solicitor who had lost his property by speculation, Charles went to London, and was apprenticed for seven years to the firm of Swan & Edgar. At the end of his time he went to Paris, serving for twelve years in a wholesale silk warehouse. This business he enlarged by making up silk dresses, as well as selling the silk. When refused a share

in the business he set up for himself in the Rue de la Paix, employing at first 50 hands, which gradually increased till he employed 1,200. Princess Metternich was one of the first of the Englishman's customers, and her recommendation to the Empress Eugénie secured the patronage of the leaders of fashion in Paris and throughout all the civilised world. The Americans and Russians were alike indebted to Mr. Worth. Few royal families were not dressed by him, and even during the siege of Paris orders came from all countries. The English Court alone held aloof from the honourable purpose of the Queen, as well as the Duchess of Teck in our own day, to encourage English and Irish industry. There are many competitors now at home and abroad, but the Worth establishment in Paris is maintained by two sons who are naturalised Frenchmen. Mr. Worth retired some years since from active business, living at his charming villa at Suresnes. He continued to take interest in the establishment; and of his personal artistic taste and culture the following incident is a proof. Staying at a well-known hotel in Edinburgh during a holiday, he spent day after day at Roslin making sketches of the lovely and graceful work in the sculptures of the Chapel, with the view of getting new hints for the dressmaking in Paris. His house in the Champs-Élysées and his Suresnes villa contained many artistic treasures. He was also a liberal contributor to many charities in his adopted country.

Thomas Carlyle's Chelsea Home.—The following is Carlyle's own description of the house in Cheyne Row, which is to be purchased as a memorial of his life, his wife, and his works: "We lie safe at a bend of the river, away from all the great roads, have air and quiet hardly inferior to Craigenputtock, an outlook from the back windows into mere leafy regions with here and there a red high-peaked old roof looking through; and see nothing of London, except by day the summits of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and by night the gleam of the great Babylon affronting the peaceful skies. The house itself is probably the best we have ever lived in—a right old, strong, roomy brick house, built near 150 years ago, and likely to see three races of these modern fashionables fall before it comes down."—*Extract from letter of Carlyle to his mother at Ecclefechan, June 1834.*

The Library of M. Gennadius.—There have been many sales of famous libraries by auction in recent years, but none exceed in interest and value that which has just been dispersed—the library of M. Gennadius, late Greek Minister in London. Details of the sale have been published in the newspapers and in literary journals, but it is the history of this collection of books that chiefly interests us. When the independence of Greece was secured early in this century, the father of M. Gennadius resolved to form at Athens a library, which might be for Greece what the British Museum library is for our empire—a truly national collection of manuscripts and printed books. The catalogue is a rare production, describing the many treasures of a collection patriotic and generous in origin, and the dispersion of which all lovers of the Greeks must deplore. The financial condition of the Greek kingdom became too uncertain to admit of the hope of increase of the museum, such as the founder aspired to see. The son has thought it better to sell the collection, and allow its treasures to enrich the libraries existing in richer countries. The sale at Sotheby's lasted for a fortnight, and record will be preserved of the prices and of the localities where the books and manuscripts will hereafter be for a time placed. Only national libraries have likelihood of retaining literary treasures for a long period. Who would have anticipated the dispersion of the Beckford or Hamilton Palace or Lindsay libraries? It was only by happy accident that the Althorpe library was saved from being entombed in some American college, where the books would be rarely consulted by students or scholars.

Tristan d'Acunha.—We are always glad to have tidings of this sequestered Island and its people. The latest visit on record was by the trading barque, *Cambrian Queen*, on a voyage from Liverpool to Sydney. In December 1894 the vessel made the Island of Tristan d'Acunha, and the weather being fine, she went close in and hove to. A boat from the island soon put out with five men. They brought

with them three sheep and other produce, for which some lively bartering was done. The occupants of the boat were two whites and three half-castes. They were all natives of the island, intelligent and well-behaved. They asked permission from the captain to board the vessel, and, once on the deck, afforded every information about the island and the residents. The population, they stated, numbered sixty-one, of whom twenty-nine were males. All enjoyed good health, and were contented with their lot. They went in largely for farming, and supplied passing vessels with fruit, vegetables, meat, etc., when the weather admitted. The natives told Captain Williams, of the *Cambrian Queen*, that they were short of stores, and he supplied them with a quantity of rice, sugar, flour, bread, soap, jams, and matches, for which they seemed very thankful. After remaining about an hour on board, the islanders left the barque, cheering lustily as they made sail for the shore. The population of Tristan d'Acunha, like that of Pitcairn's Island, is not so large as in former times, when we heard occasionally about both islands from British ships of the Pacific Squadron, notices of the visits of which were courteously sent from the Admiralty.

Miss Rye's Emigrant Homes.—In recent times the emigration schemes, whether through Government offices or by private agencies such as those of Dr. Barnardo, with perpetual public appeals for help and Albert Hall exhibitions, have rather thrown into the shade older emigration works and workers. We are happy to be reminded of Miss Rye's excellent institutions at Peckham, for receiving and training outcast or helpless girls, and making homes for them in the New World. In an illustrated paper lately received, the "Buffalo Express," we find an editorial account of Miss Rye's work in America, with portrait of the now venerable lady, and views of her healthy and happy *protégées*. It seems that, besides the numerous young women now settled in families, or married, in Canada, Miss Rye has purchased the old Court House, and the gaol, of Lincoln County, Ontario, near Niagara, and made the premises into what is called "Our Western Home." A truly beautiful and useful home she has made, as the illustrations in the Buffalo paper show. There are always about 60 or 70 girls at Peckham, rescued from want and being trained; and those fit to be sent to Canada are received in the Western Home until permanent places are found for them. There is constant demand for Miss Rye's girls, just as our Navy is glad to receive boys from our best training ships. The work at Peckham was at first supported by the good Earl of Shaftesbury and his friends, and among its patrons in our day are the Plunkets, the Cecils, and other kind workers among the poor of London and throughout England, from all parts of which girls are sent to the training home at Peckham. Many a parish worker, or Bible woman, or district visitor asks Miss Rye and her sister helpers at home to take some girl into their charge. Sir Rutherford Alcock is chairman of the governing board, and the late Mr. Froude was a trustee of the funds, which we hope this notice may bring anew to the attention of the wealthy and beneficent. "I don't seek situations in towns for my girls. They are suited better for the farm. My aim is to find them good homes with farmers' wives, with whom they can grow up, working side by side with them, and as honest, smart, capable young women, fit to be the wives of thrifty young farmers." A "Home" with such aims, and such a superintendent, is well worthy of praise and of help. Miss Still, at Peckham Rye, London, is the secretary and financial manager, to whom donations may be sent. There are now about 4,000 of "Miss Rye's girls" in Canada, almost all doing well, and not a few of them the adopted daughters of childless parents in the West.

Royal Botanic Society's Shows.—The flower shows at the Society's Gardens, Regent's Park, have been as attractive and beautiful as ever, but the special interest of the first spring show, soon after the breaking up of the long frost of 1895, will long be remembered. If the display was not so large as usual, through the backwardness of the season, there were some remarkable contributions to the show, and collections well worthy of the prizes awarded. The first prizes were secured by the gardeners of Mrs. Whitbourne at Ilford and of Miss Foster of the Holme, Regent's Park. Masses of azaleas, camellias, rhododendrons, tulips, narciss-

suses, crocuses, lilies of all sorts, with specimens of rarer plants, orchids, pitcher-plants, Carpathian snowflakes, and Himalayan primulas, made a beautiful display, and well merited the medals and certificates adjudged. One of the most charming contributions was a display of clumps of lilies, azaleas, and roses, from Mr. Jannock, of Dersingham, near King's Lynn, special grower of the Princess of Wales's favourite lily of the valley. Ripe strawberries in pots, and magnificent ferns, palms, and other herbaceous plants, were among the curiosities of the exhibition. The Society's own gardens and houses were beautiful in early Spring.

Royal Academicians of 1772.—In the winter exhibition of works of the old masters at Burlington House, there was more than usual display of paintings, English and foreign, lent by their fortunate owners. Among them were two by Zoffani, R.A., full of interest from historical as well as artistic value. One represented the famous "Tribune" in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, with portraits of distinguished English connoisseurs inspecting the statues and pictures there to be seen more than a century ago. The second contained portraits of the English Academicians gathered in the life school at Somerset House. This was exhibited in 1772. The central figure is Sir Joshua Reynolds, ear-trumpet in hand, talking with Wilson and Chambers; Benjamin West, Bartolozzi, Nollekins, and other familiar names appear, Gainsborough being the only R.A. of the day whose portrait is absent. There were two lady members of the Academy, Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser, and the painter of the group places these two female portraits in pictures on the wall. In our times there are no lady members of the Academy. Rosa Bonheur and Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler) are names as illustrious as Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser. The two pictures of Zoffani were among those lent by the Queen from Windsor Castle.

Siberia by the New Sea Route.—Those who heard Captain Wiggins at Newcastle in the Geographical section of the British Association some years ago, must have felt that there was among us the pioneer of a new course of the world's history. He has made several voyages since, and has had many adventures, by sea and land, by routes hitherto little attempted, and in regions of the wealth of which there had been only vague rumours before his time. It is now twenty years or more since Captain Wiggins began his voyages to the Kara Sea. The idea prevailed that these arctic waters were useless for traffic through being blocked with ice most of the year. After long efforts, backed by the enthusiasm and the wealth of an English yachtsman, Mr. Leyborne Popham, Captain Wiggins has succeeded in persuading his countrymen that, in properly constructed ships, there is no hindrance to traffic, and that the way is open for a great increase of commercial intercourse with Siberia—a vast territory, with regions of unexplored wealth, and with vast rivers, almost as large as those of Southern India or America, flowing northwards in Russian Siberia.

The late Emperor Alexander III. watched with much intelligence the experimental trips of Captain Wiggins, and signified his approval by a handsome gift of plate, and by the more important Imperial influence of ordering surveys and inquiries to be made as to the regions affected by Captain Wiggins's voyages. In connection with them, the new Siberian Railway is being pushed forward, not with any design hostile to Great Britain's Eastern Empire—a purpose alien from the late peace-loving Czar—but with the view of enlarging commerce, and opening up the resources of Siberia.

"This grand trunk route, running almost along one parallel of latitude, would connect the Baltic and White Sea ports with the Pacific Ocean over the immense extent of about 7,000 English miles. The construction of this line completed the Railway belt around the world, and the honour of forging this last link, uniting all the routes of the world, had fallen to the lot of Russia. If they regarded the immense growth of agriculture, mining and other industries, it was impossible to avoid the fear that one railway would be unable to meet the increasing demand for the means of transport. Looking seriously into the matter, it was impossible not to come to the conclusion that it was necessary to promote the permanent settlement of the question of the

sea route to Siberia at once, so that it might work in conjunction with the Siberian Railway.

"He contended that nature, having endowed Siberia with the richest system of rivers, had clearly indicated the sea route as the most suitable and economically the most advantageous for its communications with Europe, which might, and probably would, assume very extensive dimensions. It was with particular pleasure that he dwelt upon the steps taken by the Russian Ministry of Marine for the exploration of this sea route by despatching thither naval officers for hydrographic work. The present Emperor had deigned to retain the presidency in the committee for the construction of the Siberian Railway, which indicated that his Majesty devoted himself with especial love to this great international work; and this august example was serving as an incentive and encouragement to the lively activity of all true Russians. The Russian Government intended to despatch, this season, other vessels, and probably much heavy merchandise, to Yenisei, and it was also their intention to open out the valuable fisheries etc. on the Mourminsky or Russian Lapland coast, which had been so long neglected. The noble river, the Petchora, was also to be rapidly opened out to commerce; and Nova Zembla would also come in for a share of these great honours. England, with the largest mercantile marine in the world, should take the lead in this new sea route, and vigorously prosecute a trade that would serve to cheer the hearts of many thousands of our fellow creatures in these distant lands, and at the same time aid our own struggling toilers to find an outlet for the manifold products of their labour and energy."

This was the conclusion of a recent address by Captain Wiggins to the London Chamber of Commerce. The Chairman, Sir Albert Rollit, said that their guest had shown British seamanship, scientific knowledge, enterprise, and the highest personal courage on behalf of the trade of his country. He had been at once a traveller and a trader, opening out new fields and seas of commerce which included almost every zone and must yield almost every variety of product.

Captain Wiggins, in his reply, said that he had received the utmost courtesy and assistance from the Czar, his statesmen, and his people. The new route to Siberia would not only extend British commerce, but must strengthen the friendly relations between England and Russia.

R. L. Stevenson in Early Life.—Of Stevenson and of his works more than enough has been said by those who knew him personally or who admire his writing. The following extracts from the "Edinburgh Academy Chronicle" give idea of the man as distinguished from the man of letters. Very interesting is the account of his early efforts to become a successful author—not by chance, as is often the case, but by hard and persistent labour. "All through my boyhood and youth," he says, "I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I always kept two books in my pocket—one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and as penny version-book would be in my hand to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I then wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed I would learn to write."

Perhaps his strongest quality was a kindness of heart which made him dear to old and young, to his own countrymen, and not less to the islanders of Samoa. Of this unselfish goodness here is a singular instance, quoted in the "Academy Chronicle," which also shows a disregard of outward appearances amounting almost to eccentricity. A medical man, well known in Edinburgh, is the authority.

"One fine forenoon (writes this correspondent) in the spring of 1875—twenty years ago! it seems but yesterday—I was going down Hanover Street towards Heriot Row, where Stevenson resided, when I observed a figure coming up the hill with an arm-chair on his head. A velvet jacket the figure wore suggested to my mind Robert Louis Stevenson. But no, it could not possibly be he, carrying

a chair on his head in broad daylight up a crowded street. As the figure drew near, the smiling face of Stevenson peeping out under the chair confirmed my first conjecture. To my question of surprise, 'Hullo, Stevenson, where are you going with that chair?' I was prepared, such was his unconventional nature, to see Stevenson place the chair on the ground and sit down on it; but no, he kept it on his head and replied, 'You're just the man I wanted to see. I have a friend, an invalid, a poet, and a very good poet too, who is living up in George Street, and as he has not a comfortable arm-chair in his rooms, I'm taking this one to him. I am glad I have met you, for my friend requires medical treatment, and I want to put him under your care. On asking the name of his friend, he told me it was William Ernest Henley, who had just published in the 'Cornhill Magazine' some excellent verses entitled 'Hospital Sketches and Verses,' and who is now so well known as an art-critic, author, and editor. This was my first introduction to Mr. Henley, and during the eighteen months I attended him I saw him almost daily. Often on my calling on him I found Stevenson with him, and my professional call was lengthened into an hour or an hour and a half as I listened to the conversation of the two men. Stevenson would tell us in his racy and inimitable style some of his adventures in France with his friend Sir Walter Simpson, since published, or he would discourse with keen critical acumen on French history and literature, of which he had read much.

"When Mr. Henley was editor of the 'Scots Observer,' I dropped one day into his editorial sanctum in Thistle Street, and in the course of conversation asked him how Stevenson was. 'Quite well,' he replied; 'I've not heard from him for months. When Louis is well,' he continued, 'he does not write to me for two or three months at a time. When he is seedy I hear from him weekly.' Of the troops of friends Stevenson had, I am quite sure none regrets his loss more than the man for whom, through the kindness of his heart, on that lovely spring forenoon twenty years ago, he carried that arm-chair on his head through the Edinburgh streets.

"It was Charles Baxter who presented to the Academy the photograph of R. L. Stevenson, which now hangs on the wall of the Hall, near the main entrance. Mr. D'Arcy Thompson, now at Queen's College, Galway, was master of the class of which he was a member from 1861 to 1863."

Protection of Rare Birds.—Frequent appeals are made about the killing of rare birds, many of which are shot out of sheer wantonness, such as the sea-birds, for which Mr. Frank Buckland and Mr. F. O. Morris strove to get legal protection at certain seasons. A very bad case was reported in the "Eastern Daily Press," when a correspondent boasted that he shot four herons at Wortwell Marshes with a double-barrel gun. Mr. Watkins of the Temple quoted the paragraph in the "Times," but we omit the name of the boasting sportsman, as he may yet be ashamed of his misdeed. Mr. Buxton, as one of the verderers of Epping Forest, lately gave a list of birds protected there, and among them are herons, it being a fact that there is a heronry with at least sixty nests still to be seen within six miles from the Bank of England.

Remarkable Comets.—A new edition, the third, of Mr. W. T. Lynn's book on "Remarkable Comets," noticed by us on its first appearance, contains a list of the dates in order of the return of the comets, during the remaining years of this century, and about a century beyond. The first in the list of ten is Barnard's Comet expected in the summer of 1895 (period five and a half years), and the last in the list is the Comet of 1862, the period of which is probably about 123 years, and is connected with what are known as the August meteors, of which there was a fine display in 1862. Tempel's Comet is due in 1899, and it is probable that on that occasion there will be a wonderful meteoric display.

Fifteen School Girls.—A correspondent sends this letter about the "fifteen school girls" (p. 269). It is really an interesting and rather difficult mathematical problem. E.E.H. indicates the right method of approaching it, and gives one solution. I am not sure whether he has grasped the immense number of solutions which are possible. His list of 35 trios

is only one out of 91 lists all differing from one another, and each of these lists could be cut up into sets of seven in 240 ways. This will give 21,840 solutions all differing from each other, and all satisfying the conditions of the problem. I subjoin three solutions:

A.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wed.	Thurs.	Friday	Saturday
1 2 3	1 4 5	1 6 7	1 8 9	1 10 11	1 12 13	1 14 15
4 8 12	2 13 15	2 8 10	2 5 7	2 12 14	2 9 11	2 4 6
5 10 15	3 9 10	3 12 13	3 13 14	3 4 7	3 5 6	3 8 11
6 11 13	6 8 14	4 9 13	4 11 15	5 8 13	4 10 14	5 9 12
7 9 14	7 11 12	5 11 14	6 10 12	6 9 15	7 8 15	7 10 13

B.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wed.	Thurs.	Friday	Saturday
1 2 3	1 4 5	1 6 7	1 8 9	1 10 11	1 12 13	1 14 15
4 9 13	2 8 10	2 12 14	2 13 15	2 5 7	2 9 11	2 4 6
5 10 15	3 12 15	3 9 10	3 4 7	3 13 14	3 5 6	3 8 11
6 8 14	6 11 13	4 11 15	5 11 14	4 8 12	4 10 14	5 9 12
7 11 12	7 9 14	5 8 13	6 10 12	6 9 15	7 8 15	7 10 13

C.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wed.	Thurs.	Friday	Saturday
1 2 8	1 3 10	1 4 7	1 5 11	1 6 14	1 9 15	1 12 13
3 11 15	2 5 6	2 9 12	2 13 15	2 7 10	2 4 14	2 3 4
4 5 12	4 14 15	3 13 14	3 7 8	3 5 9	4 8 10	5 8 14
6 10 13	7 11 12	5 10 15	4 6 9	4 11 13	3 6 12	9 10 11
7 9 14	8 9 13	6 8 11	10 12 14	8 12 15	5 7 13	6 7 15

A is the same as E.E.H.'s solution, only the girls are represented by figures, instead of letters, which I find an easier plan. B is another arrangement of E.E.H.'s 35 trios. And C is composed of another set of trios entirely.

Plurima mortis imago: the Obituary of the Spring.—To look over the long list of eminent and notable persons who have passed to the majority in the Spring of 1895, is like reading the despatch after a great battle. Influenza, and the consequences of a winter of unusual severity, have carried off more victims, especially among the aged, than many battles. For several weeks the number of deaths per thousand was double the annual average in London; and places which prided themselves on their salubrity have had the same dark story of death and disease to record.

To give but a few names from the roll of those who passed away almost together: Lord Aberdare, once President of the Council, and lately Chancellor of the University of Wales, and leader of many social and beneficent works; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, the most loved and trusted officer of the British Navy, who when Constantinople was threatened by the Russians took the English fleet through the Dardanelles, regardless of international cautions, and of all the forts and cannon that barred the passage from the Mediterranean, a man with promptness and decision for any emergency; another seaman, second only to Hornby in case of another war, Captain Hall, the director of the Intelligence Department of the Navy, with many others, soldiers and sailors of heroic spirit, and long experience, whether by sea or land, whose services have been recorded at the time of their decease.

In Literature and Science, in the Arts and Professions, many a name has been added to the sad death-roll—Rawlinson, Blackie, Clarke, Seeley, Cayley. Sir Henry Rawlinson had reached the age of eighty-five. He was born in 1810, at Chadlington, Oxfordshire. Ealing School was his place of education, and he entered the service of the East India Company in 1827. Many special missions were entrusted to him, notably in Persia and in Afghanistan. At

Kandahar his firm attitude brought him distinction, and made him known as well in England as in the East. The Consulate at Bagdad, and the Consul-Generalship of the Turkish Empire, were appointments which followed. In 1856 he was made K.C.B., and in 1857 was chosen a Director of the H.E.I. Company. After the time of the Mutiny, on the transference of the Indian Government from the old Company, he was appointed a member of the India Council. Again he was sent as Special Envoy to the Shah of Persia. In Oriental literature and archaeology he was as eminent as in political and administrative ability. An edition of Herodotus was his earliest literary work. His contributions to the interpretation of cuneiform inscriptions are familiarly known, and brought to him the highest honours—G.C.B.; D.C.L. Oxford; LL.D. Cambridge; Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and many other distinctions. His brother, the Rev. Canon Rawlinson, the historian of the ancient monarchies, is now resident at Canterbury, but will long be remembered in Oxford, where his eminence in literary and historical work was established.

In the long obituary of this fatal year there appeared the names of two men specially notable to the cricketers of England, although in other respects also memorable—the Earl of Bessborough and Mr. Pycroft. They died within a few days of each other, and nearly of the same age—the Earl in his eighty-first and the clergyman in his eighty-third year. Lord Bessborough, well known in Ireland as a popular landlord, and whose name in the history of Irish land legislation is honourably marked by the Bessborough Commission, was one of the Harrow eleven, and also one of the Cambridge eleven, in his school and college days. He was prominent at many a famous match in after-times at Lord's, and he coached the Harrow eleven down to recent times.

Not less notable and more widely known to cricketers was the veteran James Pycroft, who was during the last half of his life resident at Brighton. Till near his eightieth year he had splendid health, and never missed a match played either on the old or new Sussex ground. An Oxonian, and formerly in holy orders, his early work, "Twenty Years in the Church," brought him into note as a pleasant autobiographer. This was succeeded long afterward by a work in two volumes, published in 1886, "Oxford Memories." His book on the history and science of cricket, entitled "The Cricket-field," is a choice work for all lovers of the national game. Very interesting was the conversation of Mr. Pycroft on all subjects, and his familiar figure on the Brighton front will long be missed. He was a delightful companion to all lovers of literature. Of Dr. Johnson he was a special admirer, and was possessor of the famous watch bearing the motto, *Redeeming the time*. In former years he was an occasional contributor to the "Leisure Hour."

Among Churchmen of celebrity was Dean Fremantle. As a preacher and speaker he was highly esteemed, and in the latter part of his life his influence was great not only in Yorkshire, but throughout England. He had long been a leader of what is called "the Evangelical party." In the Church Missionary Society and other religious and beneficent societies he took active part. As long ago as 1851 he wrote the "Life of the Rev. Spencer Thornton," an exemplary clergyman and favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold of Rugby; the boy of whom Arnold said that among all the boys he would take off his hat as a mark of honour to character. Of this biography, Conybeare, in a famous article in the "Edinburgh Review" on "Church Parties," said that Fremantle's life of Spencer Thornton was "a typical Evangelical biography." But the record of the Dean's early life was notable in other ways. Born in 1807, he was educated at Westminster School, where he was Captain of the Oppidans, and went up to Oxford as Fell Exhibitioner in 1826. He steered the Oxford boat in the first University match at Henley in 1828. He became Fellow of Magdalen, and held various Church positions previous to his appointment to the Deanery of Ripon in 1876 by Mr. Disraeli. His first wife was a sister of Sir Harry Verney, a second marriage was to the daughter of the Hon. A. Leslie-Melville of Branston, near Lincoln, brother of the Scottish Earl of Leven and Melville, descendant of the General Leslie whom Cromwell defeated at Dunbar. The Dean's father was Admiral Sir Thomas F.

Fremantle, who died at Naples in 1819, when in command of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean.

Another name beloved beyond the circles to which he belonged was that of Dr. R. Payne Smith, the Dean of Canterbury.

The Rev. S. Flood Jones, Precentor and Minor Canon at Westminster Abbey, had directed the musical services at all the burials and commemorations for many a year. He was son of one of the early secretaries of the Religious Tract Society, a good man whose worth is remembered by those who know the history of that Society. Another son of Mr. Jones was long the business manager at Paternoster Row.

The loss of Mr. Corney Grain has left a place in another circle. With amusing and genial wit he described the peculiarities of Society and Vanity Fair in the later Victorian epoch, criticising its faults and its follies, in his light and bright way, and with as much truth and effect in his songs as Thackeray in his stories.

We must not omit reference to many of the gentler sex who have also been removed, such as the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, who in her long life had witnessed many memorable scenes, and to the last was a pattern of all that is estimable in society. Presented at Court in the reign of George IV., she was in the Abbey at Queen Victoria's coronation, and at the Jubilee service in 1887. A still more eminent lady, though less known in beneficent circles, was the Princess de Ligne, whose husband refused the throne of Belgium in 1830, was Belgian ambassador at the Court of Louis Philippe, represented King Leopold at the Coronation of Victoria, and of the Emperor Alexander II. at Moscow. These are but two examples of the many celebrities, in our own or in allied countries, who have passed away. The Spring of 1895 would indeed give a crowded chapter in a new volume of Holbein's "Dance of Death."

Astronomical Notes for May.—The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 4h. 34min. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 20min. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 4h. 10min. and sets at 7h. 42min. The Moon enters her First Quarter at 44 minutes past 3 on the morning of the 2nd; will be Full one minute before midnight on the 8th; in Last Quarter at 5h. 44min. on the afternoon of the 16th; New at 46 minutes past noon on the 24th; and in First Quarter again at 8h. 49min. on the morning of the 31st. She will be in Perigee, or nearest the Earth, on the mornings of the 4th and 29th, and in Apogee, or farthest from us, on the evening of the 16th. Early on the morning of the 7th she will pass very near Spica, the bright star in the constellation Virgo, and an occultation will take place in southern latitudes. The planet Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 4th; towards the end of the month he may become visible in the evening, but he will not arrive at greatest eastern elongation until the 4th of June. Venus will be a brilliant object in the evening throughout the month of May, attaining her greatest northern declination on the 15th; she will pass a little to the south of the star Beta Tauri on the 5th, afterwards moving into the constellation Gemini, and passing to the south of Castor and Pollux at the end of the month. She will be in conjunction with Jupiter on the afternoon of the 18th, and with the Moon (then a small crescent) on that of the 27th. Mars will be in conjunction with the Moon a little before midnight on the latter date, about the time that he is setting; he is now a very faint object, being twice as far from us as the Sun and still receding. During the month he will move from the western to the eastern part of the constellation Gemini, and towards the end of it will therefore be near Venus, though their conjunction does not take place until the first week in June. Jupiter is still a magnificent object in the evening in the south-western part of the sky, setting now about half-past 9, but by the end of this month he will set about the same time as the Sun, so that before that he will have ceased to be visible. He is in the western part of the constellation Gemini, and (as already mentioned) will be in conjunction with Venus on the 18th. Saturn has slowly moved into the extreme eastern part of the constellation Virgo, and rises before sunset, being on the meridian, or due south, at 11 o'clock at night on the 8th, and at 10 o'clock on the 22nd; he will be in conjunction with the Moon (then approaching the full) after midnight on the 7th.—W. T. LYNN.

